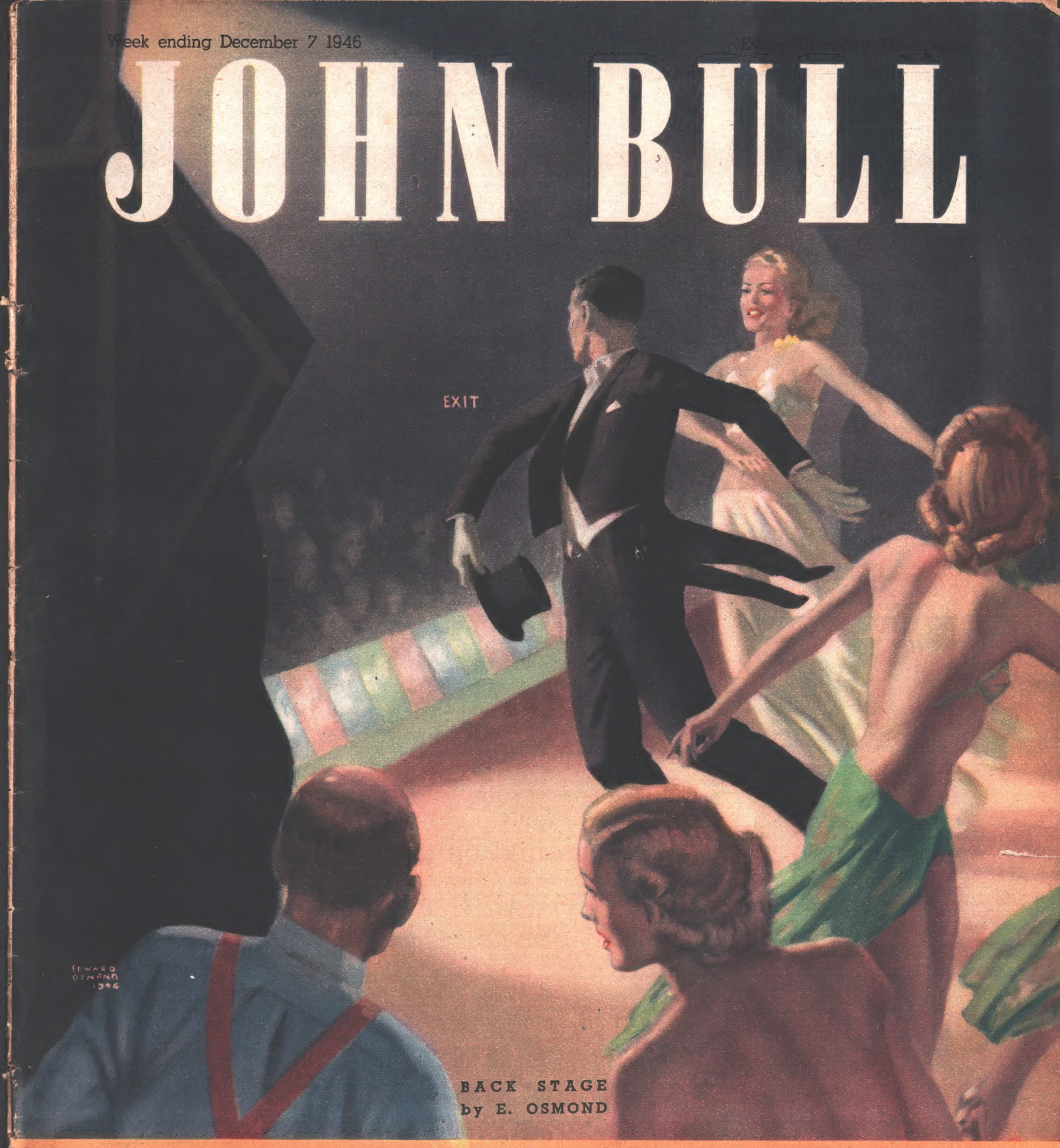
Week ending December 7 1946

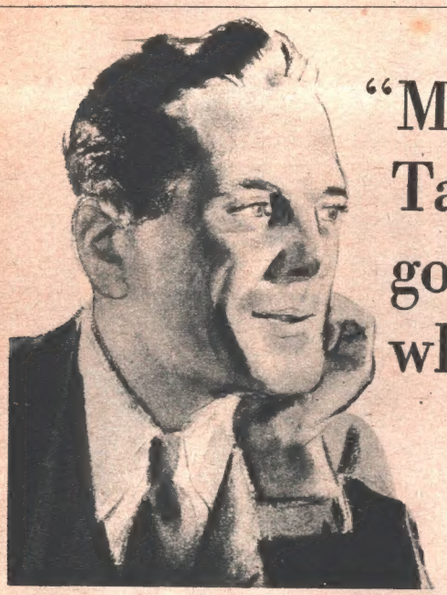
JOHN BULL



BACK STAGE
by E. OSMOND

SEX AND OUR CHILDREN

SEE SPECIAL ARTICLE
ON PAGE 12



"My Target's got wheels!"

"Yes, I'm keen as mustard on saving for my Target. Couldn't be keener if I were the Chancellor himself! You see, to me, my target's far more than just a sum of money—it's the price of the 4-door saloon car I've set my heart on. Reckon it's the same for most of us. After all, who *hasn't* something they've set their heart on? And isn't saving the way to get it?"

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE **SAVE**

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES · DEFENCE BONDS · SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS

BRITAIN'S TARGET ● £520 MILLION BY APRIL

WARNER'S HOLIDAY CAMPS
OVERWHELMING DEMAND

The Seventh Annual General Meeting of Warner's Holiday Camps Limited, was held on November 8th in London, Mr. H. J. Warner, chairman and managing director, presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

The accounts now presented cover a period in which, while the war had ended, the normal trading conditions of peace had not yet returned. Of the Company's several holiday camps, only one—Puckpool Camp in the Isle of Wight—was de-requisitioned in time to be opened for part of the summer season of 1945. This Camp was re-opened on the 7th July, 1945. The accounts now presented show an increase in gross profit of nearly £9,000 and in net profit (subject to taxation) of nearly £8,500.

We now have six camps, with a total capacity of 3,000 beds, and a site for the development of a seventh camp. Of the existing six camps, Puckpool having been de-requisitioned in 1945, the other five were de-requisitioned in 1946, in time to be opened for the summer season. Puckpool Holiday Camp having been filled to capacity during that part of the 1945 season for which it was open, a statement in the Press that the other camps were re-opening for the 1946 season resulted in a flood of applications quite beyond our capacity to meet. The result of this summer's trading demonstrates the overwhelming demand for the kind of holiday which Warner's Holiday Camps provide.

Different Holiday Camps provide different types of holidays. We specialize, as a Company, in Holiday Camps of the "Family" type—that is to say Camps which are not so small that they cannot be economically operated, but where the close family relationship found in small communities can find expression. As regards charges, the policy of the Company since its inception has been to provide accommodation at a price within the ordinary weekly wage scale of our campers. We believe that we know this market very thoroughly and that we can cope with its demands—giving a happy and reasonably priced holiday to our patrons and a fair return on the capital invested by the shareholders.

Your Directors recommend that the profits to 31st March, 1946—which cover only the operations of one camp for part of a season, and the other catering activities of that year—should be carried forward. Having made this prudent provision, however, your Directors, feeling that current profits should be distributed as early as possible, and satisfied that the results of the 1946 season will justify this course, have decided on an Interim Dividend in respect of the year ending 31st March, 1947, of 15 per cent., less Income Tax.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Christmas Cheer

Yes; this year food news is more cheerful. There's more dried fruit, which means nicer Christmas puddings, and there are other little extras to be had, which all help to make Christmas fare more festive. Here are some recipes to be going on with. For others, write for the "Cookery Calendar—November-December" to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

Christmas Pudding

ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *2 oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 oz. sugar, ½-1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 2-4 oz. suet or fat, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, ¼ pint rum, ale, stout or milk.*

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and spice together. Add the sugar, fruit, breadcrumbs and grated suet or the fat, melted. Mix with the marmalade, reconstituted eggs and rum or other liquid. Mix very thoroughly. Put in a greased basin, 2 pint size. Cover with greased paper and steam for 4 hours. Remove the paper and cover with a fresh piece and a clean cloth. Store in a cool place. Before serving, steam for 2 to 3 hours. The steaming is best done by standing the basin in a saucepan with water coming a third of the way up the sides of the basin. Keep the water boiling gently over a low heat. It may be necessary to add a little more water during cooking, but be sure the water is boiling when added.

Mincemeat

ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *½ to ¾ lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. apples or 2 oz. dried apple rings, 3-4 oz. sugar, 2-4 oz. suet or melted margarine, 2 tablespoons marmalade, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4-6 tablespoons rum, sherry, stout or ale, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, few drops of rum essence if stout or ale is used.*

Mince the fruit and apples or chop finely. Add the other ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Put into small jars and tie down securely. Store in a cool, dry place. If the larger quantities of fruit, sugar and fat are used, this should keep 12 months, but will not keep more than 10 days with the smaller amounts.

Mock Whipped Cream

This recipe makes about half a pint, similar in texture to whipped cream. ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *2 tablespoons custard powder or cornflour, ¼ pint milk (fresh, household or evaporated), 1 oz. margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, flavouring essence to taste.* Blend the custard powder or cornflour with a little of the cold milk (if evaporated is used it must be diluted according to the directions on the tin). Bring remainder of milk to boil and pour on to the blended mixture. Return to saucepan and bring to boil, stirring all the time. Cook for 5-7 minutes and put aside to cool. Cream the margarine and sugar together very well, beat in the thick custard and whichever flavouring essence you choose. Continue to beat until creamy.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD S. 160 MF

Aerialite

"MASTATIC"

Skyscraper Aerial

Guaranteed to improve your Radio reception and eliminate man-made interference.....

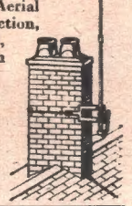
Specially designed to eliminate all irritating noises which mar full enjoyment of radio, Aerialite "MASTATIC" Aerial is the aerial of the future. Of all-metal construction, the "MASTATIC" is exceptionally strong, easily erected, and sold under money-back guarantee coupled with £200 Lightning Insurance.

Ask your local dealer for full details of the "MASTATIC." or apply for Booklet to the makers:—

AERIALITE LTD

CASTLE WORKS, STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

Specialised makers of Radio and Television Aerials



Constipation

—that accounts for her

STOMACH UPSETS

Constipation upsets different people in different ways. Some merely feel worried because they know their system is not working as it should. Others have sick headaches, or stomach upsets. Stomach upsets are a common result of a sluggish system. A course of Beecham's Pills soon puts matters right. This most popular laxative is purely vegetable, always effective and reliable. Get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills

1/4 & 3/3 *Incl. Pur. Tax.* Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

"Coughing spoils my child's sleep"

"THEN GIVE HIM A SPOONFUL OF THIS"

It's thoroughly bad for any child to lose sleep at night-time because of a cough. And it's quite unnecessary, too. For by giving the child a spoonful of Zubes Cough Mixture you can quickly check the cough, and stop that painful straining and choking.

The time-honoured remedies in this tried and trusted mixture soon soothe the irritated throat and bronchial passages, and let the child get peaceful sleep. And because Zubes Cough Mixture is pleasant to taste, children take it eagerly, without any coaxing. Get a bottle today!

Prices 1/3d. & 2/5d per bottle

ZUBES COUGH MIXTURE

WHAT EXPORTS MEAN TO US

A big push on exports . . .

will bring the imports we need

To start the ball of prosperity rolling, we have to send British goods out of the country. Why is this? Simply because it is the only way we have of paying for supplies we must have from overseas. A big push on exports will not only bring in the food we need, but also the raw materials to keep our factories in full production, our workers in full employment and our shops in full supply. Exports are a national priority just now, because they are vital to our recovery.

FILL THE SHIPS and we shall FILL THE SHIPS

Issued by the Board of Trade

HOME PERMANENT WAVE

An ideal XMAS GIFT

Endura will give you a Long-Lasting Permanent Wave at Home. Simply dampen your hair with Endura Curling Lotion, set it up in the Curlers, cover with the Sachets, and without heat, machine or electricity, you will have a first-class perm. Unaffected by wind, rain, sea-water or atmospheric conditions.

Endura

HOME "PERM" PROCESS

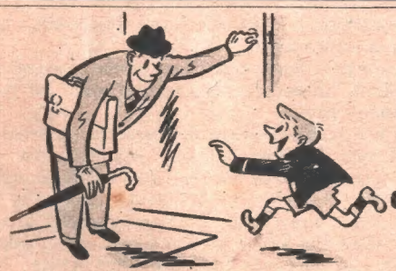
IT'S GUARANTEED

PRICE NOW 10/- COMPLETE OUTFIT

50 Curlers, 50 Sachets, Curling Lotion Shampoo and everything necessary for one complete perm, with folder showing up-to-date Hair Styles.

FROM ALL BRANCHES OF BOOTS AND ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS OR DIRECT FROM

ENDURA (ENGLAND) LTD. (DEPT. 2R), KINGSTON, SURREY



"Dad! I'm tallest in the class now!"

There's been no lack in his diet of the fats, calories and vitamins essential to growth! Every day he's had SevenSeaS — extra priority food off the ration. SevenSeaS gives children strong bones and teeth as well as stamina to resist germs. A good teaspoonful a day is equal in fats, vitamins and calories to an extra ounce of dairy butter a week.

SEVENSEAS *Cod Liver Oil is obtainable from chemists in three forms. Standard Oil 1/6, 2/- and 3/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.*

PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

HER FUTURE INCLUDES THAT *magnesia smile...*

THANKS TO MOTHER

Sound teeth are among the most valuable possessions you can ensure for your child. See that she brushes them with Phillips' Dental Magnesia twice a day. Regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which is the one toothpaste containing "Milk of Magnesia," neutralizes harmful mouth acids and helps to keep teeth white and free from decay.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* *"Milk of Magnesia" is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Built to give your family's shoes *longer wear* and *greater comfort*. The name Goodyear is your guarantee. Ask your repairer for them.

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS GOODYEAR TYRE

...thanks to VIRONITA

It is a grand tonic, rich in valuable properties to strengthen and build up bodily vigour. VIRONITA is equally good for Children and Adults—try a bottle today and see what a healthy difference it makes!

3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

From all Chemists and Grocers

VIRONITA

NON-ALCOHOLIC

THE FAMILY TONIC

M. CALTHORPE & CO. LTD. Manufacturing Chemists, OSSETT

Parker's Dutch Bulbs

Darwin Tulips, superb mixture, **27/6. Trumpet Daffodils,** fine mixture, **30/-. Daffodils, King Alfred 50/-, Emperor 45/-, Golden Spur 45/-, Sir Watkin 35/-, Bath's Flame 35/- Von Sion** (Double) **45/-, Dutch and English Iris,** in fine mixture, **15/-. Spanish Iris,** rainbow mixed, **10/-. Crocus** in fine mixture, **Aconites,** golden yellow, **Muscari** (Grape Hyacinth), **Glorious Anemones 8/-,** all prices per 100, quantities of 25 and 50 supplied at ¼ and ½ of 100 price. All carriage paid home, for C.W.O. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. PARKER, Bulb Specialist (Dept. J.B.), Old Trafford, Manchester 16

What a lovely Baby!

Thanks to

Fennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 and 3/-

Prevent Convulsions

Check Teething Setbacks

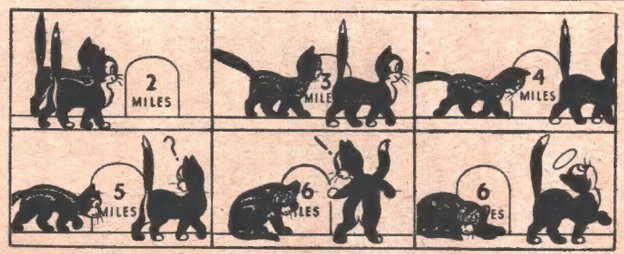
Send 3d. in stamps to: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

ADAM AND EVE

OUR first parents were constant figures in the mediæval mysteries performed by travelling players. They became popular, too, in inn signs—and at one time figured as the arms of the Fruiterers' Company. The famous Adam and Eve of Kensington High Street, was much favoured by Sheridan, where he ran up considerable bills at the expense of Lord Holland. Still older were the Adam and Eve "tea gardens" in Tottenham Woods. It was into this resort "of many surprises, but generally respectable", that Lunardi came down after his balloon ascent in 1873. The inns of to-morrow will have names as modern in origin as this one is ancient. But the old traditional hospitality of the inn will remain unchanged.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh



Poor Tabby, his mistress doesn't know

SHE doesn't know that domestic cats lack those corrections which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. But she need not worry. 'Tibs' Cat Powders provide them. A 'Tibs' a day helps to keep cats in perfect health, bright-eyed and alert, lively and lovable. Cats take 'Tibs' readily in their food or drink.

★ *9 powders for 7d., 27 for 1/6d. from chemists and corn merchants. Write for Cat Book (3d. in stamps) to Bob Martin Limited, Room A 81, Southport, Lancashire.*

TIBS

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

ALKA-SELTZER'S BACK AGAIN!

Remember the sparkling alkalizing drink that helps put so many things right—Indigestion, Headaches, Colds, Aches and Pains? It's back again—waiting in your chemist's shop for you. Ready to neutralize excess acid, chase away pain and to swing you back on the sunny side of life with its unique double action. There's no substitute for ALKA-SELTZER. At all chemists.

Made by Miles Laboratories Inc. Established 1880. Sole Distributors: Don S. Momand Ltd., 57 Albany Street, London, N.W.1

1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax)

What about buying the house you are renting?

Talk the matter over with your Landlord ★ Ask for our special 'From Tenant to Owner' leaflet ★ We are very willing to help you.

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DECEMBER 7, 1946
VOLUME 80 NUMBER 2112

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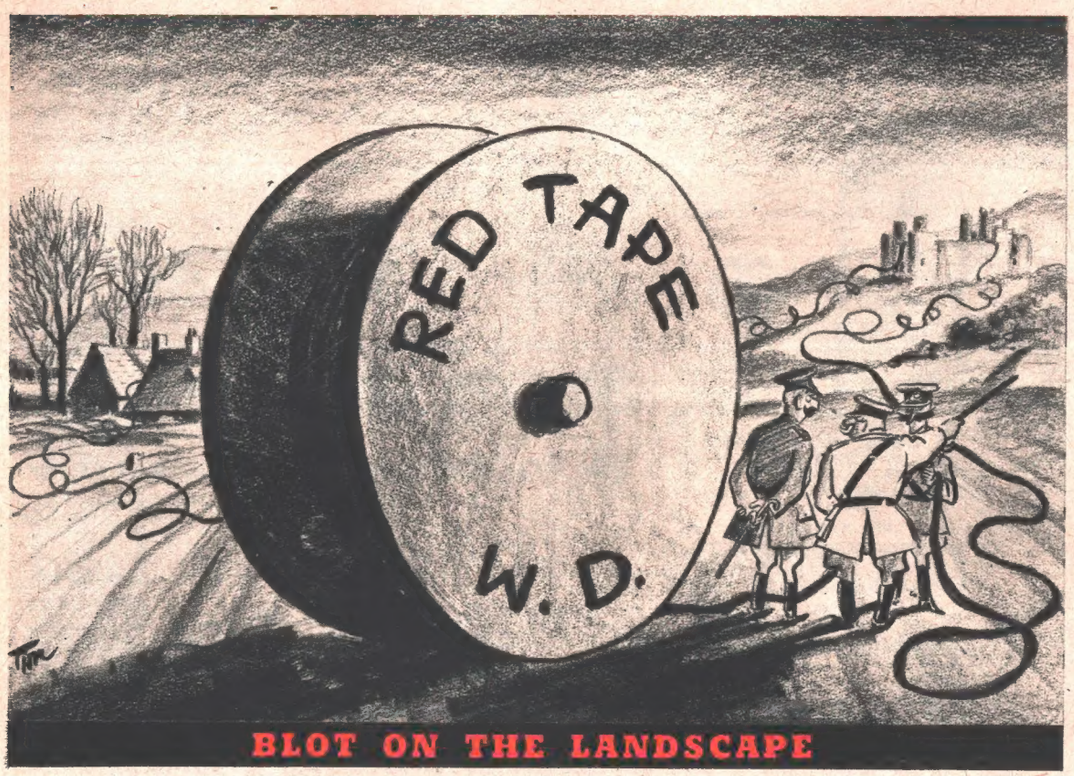


BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE

End This Land-Grabbing

THE BATTLE *for* BRITAIN is on. The Service chiefs are waging undeclared war on the public. They must not be allowed to get away with it.

All the Service departments, and especially the War Office, want to annex land for military training. And the land they seek is, in most cases, of outstanding scenic beauty or historic interest or both. It is the sort of land which millions of civilians, shut up in towns during their working lives, need for the refreshment of both souls and bodies during their holidays.

This land is wild and empty compared with the rest of our overcrowded island. Hence the military want to take it. For the same reason the people want to keep it.

There is, therefore, a clear-cut clash of interest between the civilians and the military.

On general principles there can be no doubt of the verdict. The people must win. The Services must be told to stop grabbing, to clear out of the beauty spots which constitute our national heritage, and to make do elsewhere.

They must be put on the defensive in this matter. They must be made to justify the retention of even one square yard of British soil. Any other attitude would be—except to the professional "military mind"—a monstrous betrayal of the things for which our citizens, in and out of uniform, fought the last war.

Meanwhile, there must be no more secret plotting in the Lands Branch of the War Office, no more hole-and-corner provincial inquiries with the Press excluded.

Instead, there must be a speedy weighing up of the case for and against retention of all the areas now or potentially in dispute. The Services might then be allocated a few of the least important and least accessible.

Another thing: the Service chiefs must be told to think again about training overseas. This may be a nuisance to them, but it will be less troublesome for us all in the long run than robbing 40,000,000 people of their natural playgrounds.

Letting Germany WORK

WE OFTEN SAID, in the hateful stress of the last two wars, that the only good German was a dead one. In Britain this week is one good, live German, Kurt Schumacher, head of the Social Democratic delegation invited here by the British Labour Party.

His presence in our midst is a reminder that Germany, utterly smashed and rent by her conquerors though she may be, has a future, in the shaping of which we have a vast responsibility.

Kurt Schumacher represents the civilized side of Germany, now struggling to rise from the bloody mud of Nazism and defeat.

His Germany is the one with which, eventually, we shall live and work as European neighbours. The sooner his Germany is helped to rise again and to become a self-supporting, self-respecting community, the better for us.

It is therefore especially tragic that the one thing which the former Allies have so far agreed on about Germany is reparations—and reparations in the form of factories and their machinery.

For it is on the output of the factories that the reconstruction of Germany depends. So does the employment of her people, and their rescue from the kind of hopeless despair which can do no good to anybody.

The best solution for Germany would be a prompt application of the Potsdam principle that she should be treated as an economic unit, where the agricultural areas feed the industrial areas, instead of being cut off from them as now by zone frontiers.

But if we cannot have that because of the deadlock with Russia, let us at least scrap this phony reparations system.

A lot of rusty, obsolete machinery from the Ruhr and Hamburg is useless to Birmingham and Glasgow. It may save the situation where it is.

We must get Germany working again. We had her at our throats during the war. We shall have her on our backs for evermore unless British policy is recast and made realistic.

Demob Facts Are Needed

DEMOBILIZATION IS IN ARREARS. Peace-time conscription is inescapable.

These are two black facts, and nobody, especially the Cabinet Ministers responsible, can be very happy about them.

There is a growing storm in the country because, as the Prime Minister admits, 185,000 men will still be in the Services at the end of this month—men who had hoped to be out by then.

At the same time there is growing alarm among the parents of the lads who are to become pioneers of Britain's novel peace-time conscript Army. For eighteen months at the beginning of their careers these young men are to be snatched away from civilian life, freedom, training and influences.

Both the demob slow-up and conscription are, we are assured, necessary. Both Attlee and Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, when pressed, speak of our commitments overseas—commitments which are prolonged because the peacemakers in conference have failed to make the peace.

But mere offhand use of the word "commitments" is not enough. It does not satisfy the man and wife who are eating their hearts out in enforced separation, nor the parents of the boy who must go from school into uniform.

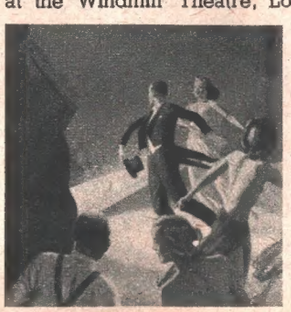
Why? Why? Why? they all ask. It is an urgent human question, and it demands a human and convincing answer, which will abolish the fear that a commitment is something swollen by a brasshat to sustain his own importance.

If to give that answer means committing a military indiscretion—then commit one, quick!

For our free people, now that the war and its secrecy are over, must be fully persuaded by an open confession of facts that the bitter sacrifices now demanded of them are really necessary.

the cover

The audience may sit in comfortable seats. It may wear starched shirts and retire gracefully to the bar at the interval. But that's not the side of theatre-life that appeals to this week's cover artist, Edward Osmond. He prefers to sit on a packing-case in the wings. He is entranced by the incongruities and beauty of chance glimpses of the stage, framed as they are with unglamorous pulleys, ropes, props and stage-hands in shirt-sleeves. The heart of a theatre beats back stage. This striking study was painted at the Windmill Theatre, London, which has won a well-deserved place in theatreland for its intimate revues, and achieved special distinction by carrying on through the worst of the London blitzes. "We never closed" is the Windmill's proud claim, justified by its performance. Themes for novels and plays have been based on the war-time heroisms of the Windmill players.



FAIRY TALES "CEREALISED" BY WEETABIX

Little Red Riding Hood

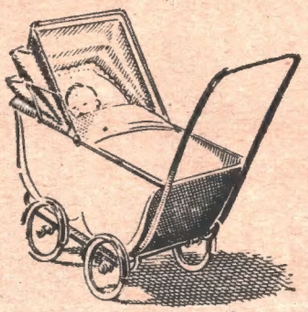
THE BIG BAD WOLF certainly got his deserts for pretending to be Little Red Riding Hood's Granny! But the ending of this time-honoured tale might have been very different if the little girl had brought her sick Grandma a packet of Weetabix! The Wolf, seeing it in the shopping basket, might well have abandoned his wicked idea of eating Little Red Riding Hood and have "wolfed" the Weetabix instead. Quite possible, of course, in view of its delicious flavour.

Prices: 7½d. (4 points) Large size 1/1 (8 points) Sold everywhere: Supplies limited WEETABIX LTD. BURTON LATIMER NORTHANTS

Weetabix MORE than a Breakfast Food

W.35

S-s-h



he's sleeping

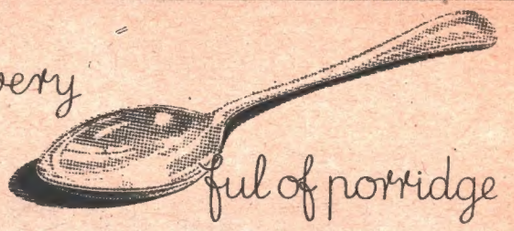
There's almost a smile on his little face. You know this smile means that everything is *just right*. And first and foremost comes the right food, building him up while he sleeps; till he wakes gurgling, kicking, and telling you in his own peremptory way that it's feeding time again. Ostermilk No. 1 (modified) for the first 3 or 4 months; No. 2 (full-cream) thereafter. *Ostermilk has always contained added vitamin D.*

Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept. 979, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.

OSTERMILK

No. 1 from birth—
No. 2 from 3 or 4 months.

every



ful of porridge

made with **SCOTTISH** oats

is a spoon full of health You will only get perfect flavour by using Scottish oatmeal or Scottish quick-cooking flaked oats . . and a Scottish recipe.

Inserted by the Scottish Oatmeal Millers' Assns.

"...and the man at the Town Hall said..."

"It's your lucky day, Mrs. Turner" he said. "Your name's come up on the list for a pre-fab and it's one of those with an electric cooker *and* an electric refrigerator *and* an electric water heater. And that's what I call a bit of all right," he said.

"But," I said, ". . . isn't it expensive—all those special electric things, I mean?"

"Expensive?" he said. "Don't you believe it! Just you pop along to the Electricity Showrooms and ask them. Honestly, you'll be surprised. Talk about value for money! Of course," he said, "if you'd rather have one of the non-electric ones I know a lot of people who'll be only too glad to change with you. . . ."

"Not jolly likely!" I said . . . "This is my lucky day . . . *and* I know it!"

ELECTRICITY... *Wonderful thing!*

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

Foster Clark on the label—

...tastier stew on the table

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

for flavouring any meat dish as well as making nourishing soup

You enjoy the double pleasure of good tea and a good dividend when you use

Brooke Bond

1/7 HALF POUND

Dividend Tea

Look forward to the return of

'Golden Shred'

The World's Best Marmalade

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD. London. Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

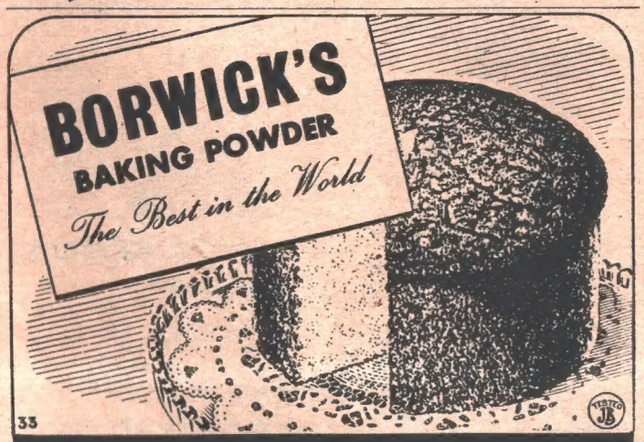
Children's parties and grown-ups' occasions alike call for delicious 'Dairy' Brand fruit flavoured Junkets with festive toppings. Easy-to-make—delicately coloured—appetising—they take only a few minutes and provide nourishment as well as pleasure. Powder for six pint junkets in 9d. tubes—points free—six fruit flavours. Product of R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd. (Est. 1785).

'DAIRY' BRAND JUNKET POWDER

Recipe leaflets from G. HAVINDEN LTD., 71 BAKER STREET, W.1

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World



33

Make no mistake – it MAKES the Cake

Make the most of each loaf

HOVIS

for HEALTH & VIGOUR

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

SUPPER? BEAN SAVOURY!

RECIPE FOR 4 PEOPLE

A tall can of baked beans; 2 oz. grated cheese; ½ teaspoon made mustard; 2 teaspoons H.P. Sauce. Turn out beans into pan and warm through. Stir in the mustard and H.P. Sauce. Make four rounds of toast and spread lightly with margarine or dripping. Pile on the heated beans, sprinkle with grated cheese and put under grill till cheese is melted.

N.B. All baked bean dishes are improved with H.P. Sauce.

H P SAUCE 1/- a bottle

H.P. Sauce is now in general distribution but supplies are still limited.

FOR GAS APPLIANCES
say
NEW WORLD
—it makes a world of difference
Only Radiation Cookers have the Regulo. Improved models ready shortly.
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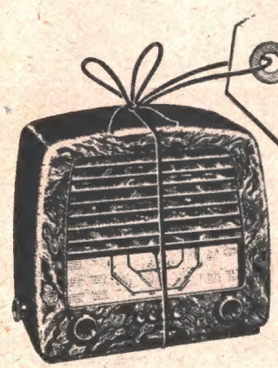

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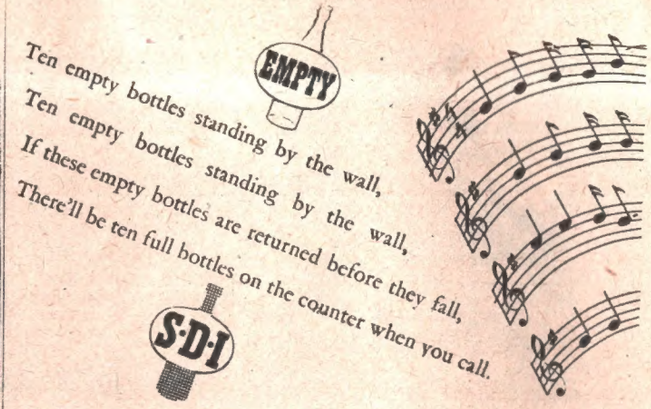

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JOHN BULL EXPLORES "TOMORROW" IN COTTON

JOHN BULL'S series of articles, "On the Trail of Tomorrow" has aroused the greatest interest among readers all over the country.

This week, while our Correspondent, Gordon Beckles, is away in the North, we give you a special view of the "tomorrow" we are seeking.

Harry Hopkins, deputizing for Beckles, goes back to his own birthplace in Lancashire—on the trail of cotton's tomorrow—and sends this first-hand report from an area where things have been happening.

CLOGS TO WEDGE HEELS

by HARRY HOPKINS

Mary Smith, seventeen, is one of thousands of recruits to the cotton industry

FOR UPWARDS OF A quarter of a century Britain's economic doctors shook their heads at the bedside of the Lancashire cotton industry. For two decades, a thousand mill chimneys, gaunt and smokeless, pointed the finger of doom at this nation's industrial greatness.

I know—because I was born and brought up in Lancashire, a Lancashire hungry and humiliated. I do not remember a time when "King Cotton" was not a tattered and sick old man, living on the glories of the past.

I *did* not remember a time. . . .

For I have just been back up there—on the trail of cotton's tomorrow—and it seems that in Lancashire things have been happening. Up there you can see tomorrow just showing—a little hesitantly, perhaps—round the corner. And it is a pretty strange tomorrow to a Lancashire man.

In Preston where, as I remember, dole queues were as much a part of a mill worker's life as Monday's washing, pennons and posters around the streets proclaimed: "THERE'S A FUTURE IN COTTON FOR YOU!"

And no one laughed.

On the contrary, at a cotton exhibition crowds were surging around bright new machinery as if at a bargain sale, pushing buttons to be told in lights about the prospects the industry held out to them.

In the Guildhall I heard Andrew Naesmith, burly veteran of a hundred bitter battles with the "masters," roundly declare that a new spirit was abroad in the industry, that unions and employers were working together in the common cause as never before. Hard figures bore him out. While younger industries have dangled their allurements in vain, cotton in the first six months of this year recruited one-fifth of all children leaving schools in Lancashire. In eight months the "dark satanic mills" registered a net gain of nearly 30,000 workers.

It was as if, just when everyone was ready to hear the death rattle, the sick man had suddenly sat up in bed and started to devour a basinful of fish and chips.

★ ★ ★

But wasn't all this a little too good to be true? Would this bright new tomorrow really come around that corner?

I went along to the Smiths to find out.

The Smiths live at No. 2 Arch Street, in the shadow of Horrockses Centenary Mill. Before that they lived in Aspdin Street, and before that in Caroline Street—all streets of little mill cottages, with their defiantly scoured front flags and their aspidistras behind the lace curtains, all exactly like ten thousand other streets in any Lancashire cotton town.

And all within a stone's throw of the mill.

"We've always lived, as you might say, on t'premises," says Jonathan Smith, slowly.

And the Smiths have always been in the mill. "Our Billy, our Harry, our Jimmy and our Hughie all worked under dad—he was a loom overlooker. Then there was Aunt Mary and Aunt Emmy, Uncle Jack and Uncle Hugh. All told, I reckon, one time there were about twenty Smiths in t'mill. . . ."

The latest Smith, Mary Josephine, aged seventeen, is in the mill, too.

Jonathan Smith's father started there when he was ten years old—a sleepy-eyed infant staggering with his tea-can through the chilly dawn as all over Preston the factory hooters let loose their morning dirge. He was a "reacher" at sixpence a week. After some months he got to be a "tenter"—learner weaver—at 2s. a week.

Fifty-nine years later he left the mill. He was never late once.

Those were the days when cotton was still the mightiest roar of the roaring century, when the dawn clatter of the clogs on the cobblestones was like Wagnerian thunder, when London thought tomorrow what Lancashire thought today.

It had all begun in 1767 when—about a mile or so away from where the Smiths now live—an ingenious local barber named Dick Arkwright made a spinning frame that worked. An event significant

enough in itself, but coupled with James Watt's invention of the steam engine four years earlier, tremendous.

Bricks and mortar spread out like a fungus across the green fields of Lancashire. The population of the towns doubled, trebled, quadrupled.

In 1775 Britain imported 5,000,000 pounds of raw cotton. In 1841 we imported 528,000,000 pounds.

And cotton goods amounted to just under one half in value of all Britain's spiralling exports. "King Cotton" was no empty metaphor then. The chimneys belched smoke; labour was cheap; the world belonged to the mill-owners.

Today Lancashire's streets with their stunted old men and women, gnarled and twisted as trees on a windswept shore, bear testimony to costs that did not appear on the ledger.

"Where there's muck, there's brass," was the grim boast. There was also death. "We buried two in one week," said Jonathan Smith. "There were a lot of deaths."

★ ★ ★

No shawls, no clogs for Jonathan's daughters today. First Catherine, then Josephine went into the mill. But they were not "mill girls." There was nothing to distinguish them from the thousands of other smartly dressed girls who worked in shops and offices. Except that they made more money than most.

I asked Josephine—Josey they call her—why she'd gone into the mill. The answer was simple. The mill paid best.

Tea While She Works

Josey started as a learner at £1 a week—a battery-filler, replenishing the bobbins in the looms.

Before she was sixteen she was making £3 15s. a week. (Her father, before the war, was getting 36s.)

No knocker-up beats a 5 a.m. tattoo with his long pole on her window. She rises by alarm clock, gets to the mill at a quarter to eight.

Josey does a forty-eight-hour week with two weeks' fully-paid holiday a year. And, very soon now, it'll be a forty-four-hour week—with all her Saturdays free. For this tradition-encrusted industry is to lead the way to the five-day week.

In the factory canteen she can get a good meal—choice of two menus—for 1s. 1d. And, as she works at her looms, tea and cakes on a trolley come round twice a day. Her work is light and clean. When Josey's mother was a young weaver, the weavers were expected to sweep around their looms, to fetch up the weft, to carry away the finished cloth, to turn their hands to odd jobs.

Today, basic principle of the current reorganization is to break down the jobs, to take all the unskilled work off the weavers' shoulders.

If Josey should stay off work ill, within forty-eight hours labour manager Earnshaw will be around to convey the sympathy of the firm and offer any practical help that may be needed. There's a fund to buy medicines and special foods and the firm's nurses go out to the workers' homes.

"You see we don't want our people to feel they're just cogs in a machine," explains works director Duncan.

★ ★ ★

All along the line the grim old Lancashire traditions are on the way out. The tradition, for instance, of farming out children for neighbours to "mind" while the mothers worked in the mill. If Josey Smith marries and has a baby and wants to go on working she'll be able to leave the child in the factory's nursery in the experienced hands of matron Laycock and her thirteen helpers.

But the most dramatic changes have been in the mills themselves.

Josey Smith was, in fact, feeling a bit sorry for herself the day I saw her, because she was working in a new weaving shed, away from her mother and her pals. The reason she'd been moved was interesting: the old weaving shed was being almost entirely made over again.

Nearly two hundred iron pillars, turning the place into a jungle of iron, were being taken out and replaced by twenty-four stanchions. The roof was being raised. Small individual lights were being replaced by bright shadowless lighting. The floor, worn into hills and hollows by the feet of a generation of weavers, was being resurfaced.

Most important, the machinery was being re-spaced.

The traditional weaving shed is a roaring juggernaut, a nightmare mass of clanking steel arms and pulsating belts in which the machinery is packed so closely you hardly see the human beings in between.

Now Lancashire has rediscovered a great truth: the machines which really matter are the irreplaceable ones, the human machines. And, all over the county, mills are being taken apart and put together again to meet human needs.

I stood on the ring-spinning floor of the Centenary Mill. A £9,000 air conditioning apparatus changed the air three times an hour. There was no dust, bane of the mills. Except for the noise of the spindles, you could have been in a chocolate factory.

The "dark satanic mills" . . . built to house machines, not men and women! Their doors are bolted and barred. They will never be opened again.

Lancashire is cutting its losses and starting afresh. In recent months mill firms have spent or are planning to spend nearly £8,000,000 on modernizing working conditions in their factories, re-spacing machinery, brightly painting walls where before whitewash had been thought good enough, giving them training schools, canteens, rest rooms, shower baths, crèches.

One mill is even planning to give its girls a free hairdresser on the premises.

There remains the noise: the savage Judgment Day tumult of the looms which has made this a people of lip-readers. But much of the newer machinery is more silent.

No question about it: the "muck" is going—but the "brass" is still there—and for everybody in the industry.

Attracted by the good pay, the feeling that at last something is really being done about cotton, thousands of youngsters and adults are now flocking to the mills.

There are times, perhaps, when the older workers, like Jonathan Smith, recall with a twinge of uneasiness a grim Lancashire saying—so often proved true: "Clogs to clogs in three generations." But these youngsters have never heard of it. Wedge heels are more in Josey Smith s line.

Even boys with secondary school education have been discovering that cotton can offer them as good a career as any. Dennis Roberts is one of the hard-working, ambitious band of trainees that has set out to learn all it can about cotton amid the throbbing machinery of Centenary Mill.

He left school at sixteen. None of his family was ever in cotton. "But I thought it was a good opportunity," he says. Now, for two years, he's been working his way through the mill; starting in the raw cotton mixing room; then spending several weeks in the blowing room and the carding room; then six months on waste spinning.

★ ★ ★

And through it all he's been going to technical school in the evenings and half a day a week in the firm's time.

He's on his second year course in weaving now, but cotton is a pretty complicated industry and it'll be another three years yet before he can take his certificate in cotton technology and have a chance of going to Manchester University or getting travelling scholarships to study cotton manufacture in other lands.

Yet, as he plods away through these years of preparation, young Dennis Roberts has few doubts about tomorrow—either his own or cotton's. And what the industry needs above all else just now is a steady supply of go-ahead young men—adaptable with modern ideas of management — at its controls.

Certainly, there'll be no lack of problems to try their mettle.

The mill pays best, says Josey Smith. With a forty-eight-hour week, her job is light and clean—in contrast to the bad old days her mother knew. Throughout Lancashire, cotton mills are being reconstructed to meet the workers' needs

World Competition Ahead

Right now, at the outset, there's the problem of somehow making this chaotic, intensely individualistic jigsaw of an industry really get down at last to the business of putting its house in order to face the world competition that looms ahead.

Ruled the Government's Working Party on Cotton: *"The time has come when all concerned must make up their minds that they must move forward towards a major transformation."* Drastic reorganization, amalgamations, scrapping of redundant machinery, and re-equipment were recommended.

Immediately, characteristically, and ominously, six members (three of them employers)—half the

working party—came out with a dissenting report warning the Government off compulsion, resurrecting the ideal of laisser-faire to which Manchester gave its name—a century ago.

"If the Government follows this advice," retorted their trade union colleagues, "then we foresee most serious trouble and we reserve for ourselves complete liberty of action."

This is a tough one even for Cripps—perhaps his toughest at the Board of Trade. If the past is any guide, getting co-operation out of Lancashire mill-owners calls rather for a Stalin. Sir Stafford has promised Parliament a decision soon. Fortunately, he is not without his supporters among Lancashire's mill men.

If wise counsels prevail and a plan is agreed, then three main problems will determine the shape of tomorrow for the industry.

Problem No. 1 is its labour force—shrunk by half during the war. Here the going's been good—better than the working party expected. Headaches enough, though. Of the 8,000 juveniles who enter the industry yearly, 2,000 leave at the end of their first year—and the school-leaving age goes up soon.

All right—with automatic looms (twenty-four per weaver as against four on Lancashire looms), ring spindles and double-shift working you can cut your labour needs by forty per cent.

True—but the industry must have £67,000,000 worth of new equipment to bring it nearer America's man-hour output (twice to one and a half times ours). And, even by 1948, the biggest producer will be turning out only 6,000 automatic looms per year—half for Lancashire.

That's *Problem No. 2*—where's all the new machinery coming from—and WHEN?

Problem No. 3. The current re-clothing boom may last two, three, five years. After that, what? Before the war half Lancashire's cotton output was for export. But, between 1929 and 1937, those exports fell by over half.

Many of those markets are gone for good. Nothing's going to stop developing countries from making their own textiles.

Then, two big unanswered questions: What sort of competition's to come from Japan again—and Germany? In the East, India, in Latin America, Brazil, will shoot ahead as cotton exporters. But there *are* markets—if we seek them. And our textiles have something most of the others haven't got.

Another thing: during the war, through a single national export concern, British Overseas Cottons, Ltd., Lancashire learned a lot about the bulking and handling of big orders.

Bright, Compact, Adaptable

Here then, is the shape of cotton's tomorrow, now just appearing round the corner.

Not the arrogant, rip-roaring industry of pre-1914 days; not the pathetic limping industry of the between-war years, the grey miserable years of half-time and one-quarter starvation; neither of these febrile states—but a scaled-down, bright, compact, adaptable modern industry.

Not King Cotton any more . . . but Good Citizen Cotton, perhaps.

★ ★ ★

Today, Josey Smith is happy in her work. But she has one complaint. She lives in a house without a bathroom. That's nothing so unusual; plenty of the houses in this town have no bathrooms. But it doesn't seem to fit in so well with the tea and cakes on a trolley.

Maybe by the time young Dennis Roberts and his pals are mill managers they'll be able to do something about it.

For if this historic industry which made Britain the centre of the world; which has been the despair of a generation of economists; which seems to have all the dice so firmly loaded against it—if this industry can really get on its feet and stand four square to all the winds that blow, then the nation has a sign: there is nothing we cannot do.

Including giving Josey Smith a decent house to live in with a bit of garden—and a bathroom.

Young readers tell JOHN BULL

Nursery Music?

I SWITCHED ON THE RADIO during Children's Hour the other day and was amazed to hear what might have been a Promenade Concert—Beethoven or Bach, or both. I wondered how many children would be listening.

There must be something seriously wrong at Broadcasting House if they think that red-blooded children really enjoy this sort of thing.—B. STANSFELD, 31 Longley Lane, Longley, Huddersfield.

this letter

printed in a recent issue of John Bull, brought an immediate answer—from the young listeners themselves. Analysis shows that our teen-age readers are one hundred per cent in favour of classical music as a part of Children's Hour. This is what some of them say:

I thoroughly disagree with the person who did not approve of the music in Children's Hour. I am eleven years old and have always enjoyed it. It is now so rarely that we hear good music that we are, and we ought to be, grateful to listen. And if you were to ask fifty children, at least forty would say the same.—WENDY WISBEY, 60 Bell Road, Hounslow.

★ ★ ★

As a regular listener to this programme I should like to say that nearly every day there are songs and stories for the youngest listeners. I heard only two concerts by Charles Groves and the orchestra while there is a nursery sing-song almost every week. I think I can say that I have "red blood" but I still prefer Bach and Beethoven to nursery tunes. — BARBARA WALTERS (age fourteen), 40 Allesley Old Road, Coventry.

★ ★ ★

I would like to say that I consider myself a "red-blooded" child but at the same time I appreciate classical music, having passed six music examinations set by the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

I thoroughly enjoy Children's Hour though I am nearly thirteen years of age, but still quite a child. I think the B.B.C. is doing a fine job trying to replace some of the crazy music we hear today by that of better style.—MARGARET A. SCHOOLEY, 15 Dapdune Road, Guildford, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

Your reader was perhaps right when he said that children did not like classical music. But if classical music includes the waltz from the Nutcracker Suite, the "Dance of the Sugar-plum Fairy" and the Warsaw Concerto, then he is wrong. I am just fourteen and like music to suit the mood I am in. These three pieces of music are the favourites of many children I know.—T. A. DAFFERN, "Delamere," 89 Litchfield Road, Wednesfield.

★ ★ ★

I wonder if your correspondent knows about the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children from which thousands of children are turned away each season because even Central Hall, Westminster, is not large enough to hold them?

The children at these concerts are certainly not bloodless. You will find your "Williams," "Gingers" and "Violet Elizabeths" at them. Some of the children are aged about five years. Bach and Beethoven figure largely among the special choices of the children. I am not a "schoolmarm" or anything like that—just an ordinary schoolgirl who, like thousands of other children, likes good music.—FRANCES C. SCHULTZ, 4 Pedworth Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.16.

★ ★ ★

I listen to Children's Hour every time it is on. I myself enjoy listening to Beethoven or Bach, though it would be a good idea to have some other music for children who are not so keen. I am thirteen years old.—M. F., St. George, Bristol 5.

★ ★ ★

Your reader should switch on his radio some other night in the week. We older children have only those twenty minutes of classical music on Tuesdays. The rest of the week is mainly devoted to the younger children.

I am sixteen years old and, I may add, "red-blooded."—JOAN NOTHARD, Murrayfield, Edinburgh 12.

★ ★ ★

In answer to B. Stansfeld's letter may I say that the music which he heard in the Children's Hour was probably intended for the older listeners.

It is just at the age of thirteen or fourteen that boys and girls become interested in the kind of music to which he refers. The broadcast develops one's interest and is usually explained in some detail. Does B. Stansfeld realize that Children's Hour is designed to educate as well as please?—D. H. SWIFT, Fifth-Former.

★ ★ ★

As a fourteen-year-old listener to Children's Hour I should like to point out that the B.B.C. does not cater only for infants. I myself enjoy Beethoven and Bach and most—I don't say all—of the classical composers very much. I know many other boys and girls of my age and over who enjoy them, too. Surely we should be allowed some of "our kind of music" as well as the younger set? — MARGARET MCKAY, 93a Hollin Lane, Middleton, Manchester.

*** These letters suggest that the late teen-age class of jive fans is being succeeded by a generation which is much more interested in serious music.

Standard of the letters shows that Children's Hour classical music enthusiasts have their wits about them. Twenty per cent of the children typed their letters to John Bull. One guinea is being sent to the writer of each letter published above.

HE RISES TO THE OCCASION

OF A. V. ALEXANDER, who is to head the new Ministry of Defence, it has been said that he is swayed merely by specific situations, rather than by any blinding private vision of his own.

"Churchill," says a shrewd observer, "is elementally and from the depths of his soul, a Tory, and his personal inspiration comes from this deep belief. Attlee is equally elementally a Socialist. But Alexander simply sees a situation, unlit by personal inspiration, and strives to do what is right or expedient in the given circumstances."

Lacking faith in his private vision of a great Navy, he signed the disastrous London Treaty in 1930 when he was First Lord in the second Labour Government. Opponents said it "sank more of His Majesty's ships than we ever lost in a single engagement." Alexander had accepted obediently the policies of the situation that existed then.

Yet, this business man, who reformed company law and could have left the Commons at any time for a well-paid City post, realized, when few others did, that the prime function of the Navy in modern warfare must be to fetch and carry—and protect—troops, supplies, food and equipment.

And in 1935, the very year that he joined others who cried "calamity" unheard, he declared that "the proposed expenditure on the Navy would ruin the country's finances."

Once again, the policies of the moment over-rode the private view.

When in 1940 his old enemy Churchill called him to the Admiralty for the second time, he didn't hesitate; he drew his inspiration from Churchill and from the urgencies of the day. The way ahead was clear—loyalty to his new chief, an amnesty for party principles and the maximum support in men and materials for the British Navy.

He has a personal frugality which fits ill with a man who is a member of the Savage Club. Membership qualifications of this club are as rigid as those for camels entering the Kingdom of Heaven, and Alexander, the son of an artisan engineer from Weston-super-Mare, whose formal education stopped at fourteen, is a member by virtue of his personal achievements.

But such is the strength of a chapel upbringing and such the proud humility which obsesses her sons, that he has only been heard to make one open boast. That was when an admirer said that he must be proud of being the First Lord. "I am prouder," he said, "of being a Baptist lay preacher."

DESPITE his City connections, Alexander has never been interested in personal wealth. Yet he is a man who likes to live well. Part of his shop front as First Lord was his well-cut double-breasted sailor-style suits.

Mrs. Alexander, his schoolmistress wife, also wears well-cut clothes and gives the impression of quiet smartness.

A. V. Alexander, basically a very masculine type, prefers beauty to outweigh intelligence in women even if he believes the intelligence exists.

He first hit Westminster twenty-four years ago, winning a surprise victory at Hillsborough, a traditionally Conservative seat, standing as a Labour—Co-operative candidate. This needs stressing: he has never sought high office; always it has come to him unasked.

In 1929 Ramsay MacDonald sent for Alexander, just then absorbed in the tortuous maze of company law reform. As he walked into MacDonald's office, another man left hurriedly.

"Hopeless," said MacDonald angrily as Alexander appeared. "Everyone wants office. What do you want?"

"You sent for *me*," said Alexander.

"How would you like to be First Lord?" asked MacDonald.

"I love the sea—I'm British," said Alexander. "But I know nothing of the Navy."

"Better learn," said MacDonald. "You're in."

The man who had walked out of the office as Alexander walked in was Sir Oswald Mosley.

The new First Lord swept aside his legal documents, bought himself a yachting cap just for the atmosphere and took a trip to Portsmouth.

When the National Government was formed in 1931 this shanty-singing, land-lubbing sea dog of a First Lord preferred to break with the man who had called him to office. But in 1935 he was back in the House.

Five years later, when Churchill sent for him to fill his own vacancy at the Admiralty, Alexander, the realist, spent a week going through facts and figures and said: "One thing we can do is to go down with the flag flying."

AIR support for naval vessels had long been his plea and this obstinate dissenter objected to the concentration of production on bombers. Any victories he had on production arguments were Pyrrhic. Churchill always made the announcements of naval triumphs—and disasters.

Nobody ever called this civil head of the Silent Service a silent man. He enjoys his own speeches—and so do his listeners. During the war years he was as loquacious as an early talkie. His speeches were coloured in content by his chief—but they were slightly more rhetorical and spiced with quotations from the poets he loves.

Alexander is a man of even, amiable manners—but a worrier. He "sweats out" a difficult situation. On such occasions associates find it a good plan to inveigle him to the piano for a sing-song.

An hour of playing over popular numbers, with his friends shouting the words all around him, and his head is cleared, and he will make the necessary decision—a clear-cut logical one, too.

He has a remarkable musical memory and is a great friend of band leader Jack Hylton. A fellow Savage Club member with whom he spends much time is Wee Georgie Wood, who contrasts comically with Alexander's burly, athletic five feet eight inches of sinew. He was at one time a muscle-man on Chelsea's football team and retains presidency of his old club. He still has the swinging, shoulder-forward gait of the soccer man.

He likes to eat—and eat well. In the war, Mrs. Alexander who is a practical woman, grew lettuces and carrots outside the french windows of Admiralty House, as well as flowers.

A great personal grief was the death of his small son many years ago when Alexander was only "that clerk chap" on the Hereford Education Committee, and a humble member of his local Co-op.

This then is the future Minister of Defence—genial, shrewd, frugal and voracious. Under him the Ministry will be undoubtedly an opportunist Ministry. Never mind who comes knocking at the door, the new Minister will do whatever seems expedient to the policies of the moment.

But let a crisis of national existence arise once more, and Alexander will be foremost in the ranks of the essential, even brilliant "backers-uppers"—the men whose personalities and executive abilities lead you to think they make the policies. In reality, of course, it is the hour and the policies which make them, calling out the sincerity, shrewdness and single-mindedness which make them the useful Cabinet members they prove to be.

Priestley's Page

"It is often suggested that different cities and towns have quite different characters—not merely in their appearance but in the behaviour of their people. Do you agree?"

In these days of national education, radio, films and so on, one would imagine that these differences had now been ironed out, but this is not my experience.

Indeed, earlier this year, having to visit various provincial cities and towns on theatrical business, I was particularly struck by the different collective behaviour of people in these places. No doubt these differences were much greater a hundred years ago, but they are still obvious enough to be noticed by visitors, and most touring actors and commercial travellers and other gentlemen of the road can enlarge by the hour on such differences. They detest some towns and delight in some others.

The appearance of a town is no clue to the character of its people. As any actor will tell you, some of the grimmest-looking towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire are among the best in the country to visit, simply because the people there are helpful, generous, warm-hearted.

Then, again, two cities in the same part of the country, cities that do not look very different from each other, may be regarded as being almost totally opposed in character. For instance, Nottingham and Leicester.

Nottingham has long enjoyed the reputation of being rather gay, charming, easy-going, while Leicester folk are supposed to be not very helpful, reserved, dour.

For myself, I admit to having some prejudice in favour of the towns of the north and the west as against those of the midlands and the south.

"If you were able to live your life over again, what job would you choose apart from writing?"

When I was in my middle teens, at that time of life when we feel we can do anything and have only to make a choice, I hesitated between writing and music. I am not sorry I chose to be a writer, which I did quite early. (I sold my first article, to a national periodical, when I was sixteen.) But if next time I could not be a writer, I would certainly be a musician, preferably a composer—but if not, then a conductor or instrumentalist. Music is not an easy art, in any of its branches, but it seems to me a wonderfully satisfying one—and the most magical of them all. And people seem to be more enthusiastic and open and generous (though not financially, in Britain) towards music than they are towards other arts.

Consider how tumultuous and rapturous the applause is at any good concert. Look at people's faces after they have been listening to fine music. What pure joy and wonder and beauty the great composers have given mankind! What noble benefactors these men have been! And why don't we take care to honour them when they are alive, and spend less time cheering scheming politicians and lucky generals and ambitious busybodies?

We have in Britain today a magnificent group of composers—Vaughan Williams, Bax, Bliss, Walton, Britten: five men of different ages—and we should be proud of them. Anyhow, it would be music next time for me.

"The films we are offered now are nothing like as entertaining as those of ten years ago. Is this simply the result of the war?"

The war has played its part, of course, but I do not believe that is the whole story.

In my view, films—and especially those made in Hollywood—are rapidly coming to the end of their stock of good story material. This may seem absurd, but it will not when I add this—good story material *possible for them to use under present conditions.*

Remember that the ordinary American and British film is subjected to very severe restrictions, some imposed by censorship and others imposed by the commercial gentlemen who find the money. A film producer cannot simply help himself to the world's best stories. And he is almost cut off from a whole world of adult interests. Most of the time he is contriving stuff for not very intelligent fifteen-year-olds. This means he is limited in his choice, particularly after years of high-scale production.

Moreover, the cost of making films has risen enormously, which means that producers are less inclined to experiment and must play for safety. (Many of the most successful pre-war films—e.g. *The Thin Man*—were made for a tenth of what a big feature film costs now.)

People still swarm into the picture theatres, because film-going is largely a habit, but, in my opinion, there is not the same enthusiasm for films there was ten years ago. And unless the film industry is ready to face a bad slump, one of two things will have to happen. Either some exciting new technical process will have to be added (such as first-rate stereoscopic effects) or films, especially Hollywood films, will have to break down some of these limitations imposed on them, and begin to produce more films suitable for intelligent adults, films based on stories of the real world and not on adolescent dreams.

"Some people feel strongly that they have lived before on this earth. Do you believe this?"

No, I do not. And it is significant that most of these people imagine that these earlier lives were passed in romantic and exotic settings. They never seem to see their former selves as Chinese coolies or Indian peasants, although the numerical odds would suggest that most of our earlier incarnations would find us as coolies or peasants. The genuine theory of reincarnation, as found in Buddhism, for instance, is something quite different from these fancies and is really impersonal, certain tendencies creating another existence of a certain character. What I do believe, however, is C. G. Jung's idea of the Collective Unconscious, which we inherit as we inherit our physical structure. This Collective Unconscious represents the experience, at various levels, of our family, race and species, and frequently reveals itself in dreams, visions and the inspiration of artists. And many of the people who think they have lived before are probably influenced by what has been revealed to them by the Collective Unconscious. But Mrs. Brown of Bayswater was never an Egyptian princess or a dancer in Babylon.

Every week, J. B. Priestley expresses his views on topics raised by John Bull readers. If you have a question to ask him, send it, preferably on a postcard, to the Editor, who will forward interesting subjects to Mr. Priestley

TALKING POINTS ABOUT GAS

THE GAS INDUSTRY is to be nationalized. Together with electricity, it is to be taken over, lock, stock and barrel, and dovetailed into its place in the organization of the nation's fuel and power. The statement is Mr. Shinwell's; he likes to mean what he says.

★ ★ ★

There was a tendency towards monopoly control. The United Kingdom Gas Corporation, for instance, founded in 1935, acquired in the next four years seventy undertakings in Scotland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands and South Wales.

★ ★ ★

Today gas companies are using about 392,000 tons of coal a week, compared with 361,000 tons a year ago. The corresponding figures for electricity are 427,000 tons against 398,000. Few companies have more than three weeks' coal supplies in hand.

★ ★ ★

William Murdoch, steam engine pioneer, started experiments with gas lighting in 1792 and lit his house with it. The Manchester Police Commissioners placed a gas light outside their door in 1797, the same year that Murdoch lit a Soho factory by gas. In 1812 the London Gas Light and Coke Company, first of its kind, received statutory powers to make and distribute "inflammable air."

★ ★ ★

By 1830 there were two hundred gas companies, some competing directly in the same area. Gas was "poor and sulphurous"; in the absence of meters, bills were constantly disputed. In 1838, however, came the first sign of order in the chaos—the Manchester Corporation took over the "Police Commissioners' Gas Works." The idea of municipal ownership quickly grew.

★ ★ ★

By 1882, five hundred undertakings (capital investment fifty million pounds) supplied 67,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, one third under municipal control. The proportion of municipal undertakings is about the same today.

★ ★ ★

Originally the gas flame itself gave light (a few of the old "fish-tail" burners still remain) so that a bright burning gas was important; but when the incandescent mantle came, only the heating power of the gas mattered. Gas is now sold not by the cubic foot, but by the *therm*—that is, you buy a definite quantity of heat.

★ ★ ★

The high circular tanks used for gas-storage are gasholders—*not gasometers*. The gasometer is a much smaller affair which measures the gas intake of the holder. In the peace-time disaster at Gelsenkirken in Germany an exploding gasholder wrecked a whole district. Even under bombing nothing similar occurred in Britain. Heroism of the gas workers saved us, though a third of London's gasworks were put out of action.

★ ★ ★

Gas meters, often mistrusted, are astonishingly accurate. About thirteen consumers in twenty use a slot meter. Two thirds of our total gas output goes to the home, one fifth to industry.

★ ★ ★

Gas can be dangerous. A dog pawing a tap, an eighteen pound ham hung on a pipe, a boiling kettle putting out a gas-ring, a swinging canary cage, a child's skipping rope . . . all these trifling causes have caused death from escaping gas. The fool-proof gas tap is an urgent need.

★ ★ ★

It is claimed that the benefits of nationalizing gas will be many. Equal charges, standard appliances, a "gas grid" for industry, development of by-products (including ammonia, chemical fertilizer, benzole, tar, drugs — the famous M & B 693 among them), and considerable saving of coal. Best of all, wasteful competition between gas and electricity will be ended. Each will be put on the jobs it does best.

"I want a talk with you, son . . ." Only parent and teacher, working together, can tackle the problem of education in sex matters

SEX and our children

by LESLIE BREWER

Children today laugh at "stork" stories; they know more than that—but do they know better? So far, sex education is a failure, producing little "know-alls" informed about the physical facts, but lacking a proper sense of values

THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH, the stork, the doctor's bag may, it is hoped, now be regarded as finally discarded. That is Official. Those very words are from the burial-service read over these pathetic evasions in a Board of Education pamphlet on sex education.

Berouged Little Audreys aged fifteen may laugh and laugh at this solemn funeral of fairy tales which reveal only an older generation's simplicity and cowardice. The boys and girls of today regard stork stories as corny deceptions: they know more than that.

The big question is, do they know better?

There is a world of difference between information and education. Are schoolboys and girls, today, *educated* in matters of sex? Does their conduct, does their sense of values, reflect a greater understanding of sexual impulse and emotion?

Unfortunately they do not. Processions of pick-up girls in their teens pass through our juvenile courts: they are counted lucky when found to be only pregnant and not diseased as well.

"How did I catch V.D.?" retorted a fifteen-year-old girl bitterly to a social worker. "Why, from a gooseberry bush, you fool."

There is our failure. We produce little "know-alls" who know nothing. They are informed about sex but they are not educated.

A fundamental recasting of our methods of sex education seems very necessary.

New methods of teaching all other subjects, school milk and meals, longer years at school and a taller ladder of opportunity are going to be of little value if they lead only to ruined, messy little lives for thousands of boys and girls.

The Board of Education's pamphlet on sex education (Educational Pamphlet, No. 119; Stationery Office, 6d.), was first issued in 1943. ("The circumstances of war-time, which are liable to break down restraints, have called increased attention to this subject.") It has recently been reprinted because the Board, parents and teachers are all more than ever aware that this, like many other things, is an urgent problem for peace-time, too.

Only parent and teacher, working together, can tackle the problem. At present neither is playing a full enough part.

"Although," says the Board's pamphlet, "there exists a widespread recognition that parents have a prior responsibility to give this knowledge to their children, it is evident that a substantial proportion do not, in fact, do so."

Do teachers? Can a parent calmly assume that school will undertake this vital education along with other subjects?

Schools' Bigger Part

"A rough estimate suggests," says the Board, "that a third of the secondary schools in the country make a serious attempt to give instruction. It may be added that in Wales the proportion where very little instruction is given is considerably higher than in England."

Today, then, there is something less than a one-in-three chance that school will relieve, or even help, a parent in this grave responsibility.

If the Board of Education has its way there will be more done in school. Parents (ninety-nine per cent, according to the estimate of one headmistress) are willing for sex instruction to be given in school. But parents cannot wholly hand this duty over to their children's teacher. Says one headmaster: "Instruction is best given by parents and far earlier than any age at which we meet our scholars."

The responsibility goes round and round: it is all a bit like two people nervously facing a swing-door. "*You*, please!" says parent to teacher. "No, *after* you!" says the teacher.

Let us make up our mind to do this vital job.

What is the parent's duty? Clearly, not to buy a girl a pair of white rabbits and leave her to draw her own conclusions: they may be strange ones. Nor is responsibility discharged by submitting a boy to one of those Serious Talks when father and

The young must learn to relate sex to social responsibility. At Kensington High School, which has a parenthood training course, baby-craft is being demonstrated to some girl pupils

son have an uncomfortable half-hour in the parlour, and father labours and sweats at a particularly difficult piece of translation, stating the "facts of life" in "nice" medical language while smoke-room phraseology runs through his head—and probably his son's as well.

Parents need to accept the working principle that, if a child is intelligent or curious enough to ask a question, it has a right to have that question answered as honestly and as fully as the parent is able.

Children should always "know." The biological facts of reproduction—in plants, animals, mankind—should not need formal statement.

A reasonable, materialistic attitude in parents and adults would mean that facts were never confused, even in the mind of the youngest child, by offering grotesque, whimsical explanations for what are, after all, only facts.

Parents today are generally more honest. But they are increasingly aware that to give the Facts is not enough. There are, they feel, two answers to the question "How?" There is the biological fact and there is what we may call the spiritual side of that fact.

Parents feel they have dangerously misstated the whole thing if their children grow up with a knowledge of only the physical facts and with no appreciation of the emotional, spiritual states which precede, accompany and follow sexual love-making.

Yet these aspects are all important if a young person is to understand sex as well as have a surface knowledge of it. Conduct, morality are based chiefly upon an appreciation of these aspects: when they are realized, morality and restraint have some meaning.

Here is the root problem of sex education—how to give young persons this understanding.

Talking and lecturing by parents cannot produce it. The emotional side of physical love cannot be talked about; these emotions are deeply personal and, except in very gifted persons, beyond verbal expression.

An attempt to state them is bound to leave the parent with much the same feelings he would have if he attempted to tell his child of his pleasure in a sunset.

The result is only a sense of inadequacy which produces in the child an attitude of "well, a lot of fuss seems to be made over this, but I don't see it myself."

Of course a virgin adolescent doesn't; and while virgin never will.

Talking, therefore, cannot do it. Parents can, however, help children considerably towards a degree of understanding by their own example. What father laughs at and mother's reaction to a book or film are both "sex educational" to an observant child.

Let a child have honest parents, frank and clean-minded, first and foremost. They are essential and without them school can do little. Given them, school can play a vital part, school is a neutral and cool atmosphere where much fact can be imparted naturally and easily. It cannot be disputed that emotional complications between parent and child always make sex education difficult at home.

But the vital problem—the giving of a sense of values, of proportion, to go with the facts?

Here school has a great advantage. In school (the Board of Education suggests it) the facts of coition and birth need not merely be stated—and left at that. They can be given a setting (and a meaning) in classes on hygiene, biology, psychology and mothercraft. They can take their place naturally and in correct proportion to other things. That is impossible at home.

While emotional complications between parent and child always make sex education difficult at home, schools have a cool neutral atmosphere where the facts can be imparted more easily

Sense, Not "Sermons"

In mothercraft, for example, sex can be related (as it should be) to birth and babies. If the need for sexual discrimination and restraint is related to the future, to motherhood, it begins to be sense, not just "sermonizing."

A schoolgirl is reported as saying, of menstruation, when told of its relationship to motherhood, "It is easier to put up with when we know it means something."

That attitude is true of all the other demands and restraints (at first sight, perhaps not reasonable) placed by society upon young people in their sexual lives. The worries, disturbances, denials of adolescence *are* easier "to put up with" when the young know they mean something.

To give that meaning, and to make that "something" appear something worth while, is true sex education. Schools can, and must, do it. In a lesser degree so, too, can parents.

O.C.T.U.* FOR

Government trainees start with a three months' gener
A lecturer at Walthamstow tells them of business or

Britain is coaching her future captains of industry as thoroughly as she trained her war-time officers. From the Government's Business Training Scheme will emerge men practised in the jobs they will supervise

by HENRY FIRTH

A FASCINATING SPECULATION: Why do men work? Listen with me to students discussing the point at the South-West Essex Technical College, Walthamstow.

". . . I think it's more to do with social contact than creative joy . . ."

". . . Well, you know, I've an idea it's because people don't want other people to think they're parasites . . ."

". . . You're all stressing this stuff a lot too much. I was talking to a chap in that gramophone factory. Been on the same machine five years. All he cared about was his four bob a hundred records . . ."

For these young men the speculation is a far from academic one. In a few years time—if the Government's Business Training Scheme works the way it is intended to work—many of them will be presiding over the working lives of some thousands of fellow citizens.

Designed to give a new start to demobbed men and women whose careers were nipped in the bud by the war, the scheme aims to fill the war-torn "seven year gap" in the higher ranks of industry by providing a new generation of modern-minded, adaptable young executives.

"So we seem to agree that there's a good deal more to work than just money . . ." Out front, Miss Green—who takes the "Human Aspects of Business" section of the course—was working the class around to a new point. "Now where does our personnel department come in? How do we go about finding the work most suited to a person, the work most likely to bring creative joy . . .?"

The twenty-two young men listened seriously but critically (especially about that creative joy).

Mostly they'd been junior clerks or senior office boys when the war snatched them up—though a few had been at universities. But a lot had happened since then.

Two of the young men now tucking their legs under the tubular steel desks had been lieutenant-colonels, four had been majors, two squadron leaders—and one was a Merchant Navy man who'd been torpedoed. They had coped with every sort of emergency on every sort of war front, these unassuming, pleasant young men.

One couldn't quite visualize the uniforms. They'd finished with all that. But there was a feeling of getting to grips here you didn't usually meet in classrooms. Fortunately, Miss Green had been doing a bit of getting to grips herself. A commerce graduate, she had spent the war as personnel manager of the Mills Equipment Company.

"A general spirit of teamwork," somebody was saying . . . that was the thing. Miss Green weighed in with an example from life where a group of workers had been re-arranged and allowed to choose their own leader. Output had shot up.

There's the Human Factor

The argument ran on as we left the classroom and joined the streams of youths and girls pouring along the corridors of this enormous modernistic building and up the red-railed central staircase for the tea-break.

"After all," said Charlie Oliver, who was a troop commander in heavy ack ack, "we're mostly ex-officers . . . we're used to dealing with men."

I muttered something about sergeant-majors and K.R.s.

"I know," he said, "but the younger officers got along without all that. . . ."

Before the war, Oliver, whose home is at Stratford, E.15, worked with his hands as a grinder. Now he's hoping to graduate to a production post.

Sidney Palmer, an ex-flight lieutenant (air crew) from Stoke Newington, joined the table and the argument. "Of course, this personnel management stuff is mostly just common sense. . . ."

The talk swung round to time and motion study. "The country that really goes in for that is going ahead," said Palmer. "That's where America beats us." I gathered they were all still under

* **The O.C.T.U. (Officer Cadet Training Units) taught leadership in war. Schools like South-West Essex Technical College teach leadership in industry. Students (on left) leave the college to visit a factory**

INDUSTRY

l course.
anization

Emphasis is on practical instruction—"going through the mill" systematized. "Here's how to work a lathe," says the instructor

Tomorrow's executives practise setting up change gears on a milling machine, so that they'll know how it's done in a real factory

the influence of a talk they'd been given by H. S. Brown, of F. Wrighton and Sons, cabinet makers.

Brown's talk was a part of the system by which business men come along to give the students the benefit of their practical experience. So far, they've heard Ever Ready's Works Manager, A. T. Coote, on "Production and Progress Control"; Mr. D. Dunn, of May and Baker, on "Production Planning"; Mr. Wiggins, of Negretti and Zambra, on "Works Organization"; Mr. Cooper, Industrial Consultant, on "Opportunities in Business."

Fred Wallace, who had been a radar officer in Transport Command — Ireland, Iceland, then India—brought the tea mugs.

"When demob came round I didn't want any sort of a desk job," he said. "Producing something is much more satisfying."

The Government's new Business Training Scheme had seemed to offer just the sort of chance he was looking for. So along he went to the appointments officer, had his interview, and was accepted.

And here he was, well on the way. A few days ago he'd been able to fix up his specialized course—two years with Blick Time Recorders, Ltd. He will go through all departments, maybe work at the bench, and end up, with luck, a branch manager.

These specialized courses form the second half of the scheme. First, students do a three months' general course at one of the thirty technical colleges up and down the country. This is designed to give an idea of "what business is about."

Pretty early on they fill in a questionnaire about their likes and dislikes; and as soon as possible they decide with the help of the appointments officer the type of job they want to go in for.

Then, for anything from six months to two years, comes a specialized, through-all-departments course organized by a firm in the industry chosen.

There are more than four hundred specialized courses running at the moment—and Ministry of Labour officers are busy touring firms fixing up more all the time. The firms range from large-scale concerns like Lucas's of Birmingham, who have fifty students, to a wig-making company which has one—or the soap manufacturer who wrote that he was getting older and would like to give a training course to a couple of students who might "take over my business when I fade away."

We went back to the classroom for the rest of the afternoon session: Mr. Castle on "The Financial and Statistical Aspects of Business"; Mr. Mayall on "The Individual Business Concern."

For three-quarters of an hour, Castle—a former accountant—patiently showed us around a balance sheet, explaining, incidentally, how it comes about that we do everything on the wrong side in this country. (Did you know that in addition to driving on the right in America, they keep their credits and debits on the opposite sides, too?)

Efficiency in Small Things

Then in came Mayall, a London School of Economics man, who was an accounting officer in the Gas Light and Coke Company. Mayall told us all about the efficient organization of stores, showing the enormous importance little things like bin-cards and space between bins can assume in the costs and efficiency of a firm.

These study-visits to firms in the area are an essential part of the scheme. Each visit is planned to bring out some particular point.

Mayall's men have been to Halex Plastics to study personnel administration, to the Gas Light and Coke Company's chemical works to study the application of research, to Hoover's and the H.M.V. factories to study works organization, to Negretti and Zambra's to see how a very special type of industry is planned, to Cook, Son and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard, to look into the wholesaling of textiles, to Selfridge's and other stores to get a line on departmental accounting.

This constant checking of the book against experience is an insistent principle of the course. The whole thing was devised by business men for business men and is today run under the watchful eye of some of Britain's leading industrialists.

In each region local business chiefs sit with the representatives of the technical colleges, of the Ministry of Labour and the Board of Trade on the area Business Training Committee which has the final word in the selection of candidates.

Here are the names of some of the committee chairmen. Northern: Sir Angus Watson—of salmon canning fame. Midlands: Sir Hugh Chance, whose firm has given Britain a remarkable reputation for optical glass. Southern: Sir Miles Thomas, self-made vice-chairman of the Nuffield Organization. Principal architect of the scheme and its present director is fifty-four years old Frederick Collins Hooper, former joint managing director of Lewis's departmental stores.

Hooper knows what it is to have your future torn up by a war. He knows what it is to have to start out all over again in your late twenties with new responsibilities and few qualifications beyond years of soldiering and an eagerness to learn. He knows because he has been through it himself.

In 1914 he had graduated as a botanist, with a promising career before him. Then, Sarajevo, Gallant Little Belgium—and Goodbye to All That.

The young officer met a girl. They married. There was a child.

Back in civilian clothes, Hooper decided botany wasn't going to keep a family. In 1921, when things were getting really bad—"you won't remember, of course, but ex-officers were selling matches in the streets"—he met up with a Mr. Frederick Marquis, of Lewis's Stores. A sociologist who had himself got into business in a thoroughly unorthodox fashion, Marquis—now Lord Woolton—was pioneering in taking young officers and graduates into the store to train up as future executives. Hooper jumped at the chance.

He began learning to wrap parcels. He ended up as joint managing director. If ever there was a man to run a national business training course, it is he.

"It's all been very interesting—and I've certainly been glad to do this job for a year," he told me in his room in the Ministry of Labour overlooking St. James's Square. "This has been nothing less than a revolution, but a revolution carried out in a typically British way—under the compulsion of an emergency."

This is the first time Britain as a nation has set out to train her bright young men in the arts of management. It's a familiar idea across the Atlantic. But in this country we have all too often drawn our industrial heads from bosses'

sons "trained" at Rugby and Oxford—or from self-made mechanics who have had to waste years watching, waiting and learning by stealth as they brought in their employers' tea.

This harnessing of our national brain power can have an effect upon our industrial future as tremendous as the discovery of a new source of power.

It *is* the discovery of a new source of power.

Some employers have got the point. One wrote to the Ministry: "In the past we've been missing our good men all the time: leaving them in the same jobs for ten years."

Hooper says the business world as a whole has accepted the scheme remarkably well. "In fact, much better than could be expected. Employers say that some of our young men have turned out to be quite outstanding. One significant thing is that the engineering industry—which has never believed in this sort of thing—has weighed in magnificently and put up some really first-rate specialized courses.

"But what I should really like to stress is that all this stuff about ex-lieutenant-colonels who expect £5,000 a year has been very unfair. They are the exception. The chaps are facing the realities of the situation. They have no false ideas. They are ready to start from the bottom. They ask exactly what is due to them: a chance."

Ex-Clerk as Machinist

I thought of those words again a day or two later, standing beside Peter Moore's milling machine in one of the machine shops of the General Electric Company at Witton, Birmingham.

Peter Moore had finished his "general course" at Smethwick Technical College; now he was starting out on the specialized course. He spoke with sincerity. "I've enjoyed the last three weeks. I didn't know the first thing about milling machines—never even seen one—when I came in here."

Now, at 7.30 every morning, this pre-war clerk punches the time-clock with the rest of them, goes to it at his machine, milling one small piece of an armature. A piece stamped "Armature Cam 3."

"Before the war," he says, "I wasn't really interested in what I was doing." Then the Army caught him up, gave him fourteen months' training as a radar mechanic, and his life took a new direction, leading to the Government's Business Training Scheme.

The specialized course at Witton takes a year. For the first six months the student can choose either works or commercial administration. He spends a few weeks in each department getting a thorough general grounding.

When Peter Moore says goodbye to his milling machine he will spend the following three weeks on the assembly of switch gear. After that there'll be two weeks on works progress. Then to the cost and dispatch offices.

For the second six months he will specialize in whichever one of five departments he and the firm between them have decided he's best fitted for. Most of these young men are in their middle or late twenties. All of them at G.E.C. are married.

Peter Moore manages to get along quite well financially. "Of course, I'm married with one child. Without the grants the whole thing would be quite impossible."

He explained the Ministry's system of allowances.

A man student gets a maximum of £160 a year from the Ministry plus £110 for his wife and £40 for a child. In addition, the firm he's training with can pay him something out of its own pocket.

And the job at the end of it all? Well, there's no guarantee. It's up to the man himself. But if he makes a reasonably good showing he can be pretty sure of a sound progressive post at the end.

As we walked across to meet G.E.C.'s five other "trainees," Moore said he'd decided to take planning and production control for his second six months. "After all, accountancy has had it. It's all done by machines these days. . . ."

A challenge that was at once vigorously taken up by his two colleagues on the commercial administration side of the course: A. H. G. Slater, of Leamington Spa, who had four and a half years in the Middle East as a signals officer, and H. B. MacKinnon, of Birmingham.

MacKinnon, in fact, went so far as to assert that "cost accountancy has a bigger future than any other branch of business." As a navigation officer in the R.A.F. he used figures most of the time so, deciding he might as well continue in the same line, he was going thoroughly into this Big Business cost accounting.

His pal Slater was a stats. clerk studying for his Cost and Works Accounting Certificate when the war butted in. So now he's picking up the threads again, with very much better prospects than ever before. When we met these two disciples of cost accounting they were just coming from their desks in the export order departments, where they are studying how orders and inquiries are handled.

"People always tell you your service experience won't be any use in private business," MacKinnon said. Now he wasn't so sure. The thing that had struck him most forcibly was the remarkable similarity of routines to those used in the Services.

How have the other workers reacted to the trainees' presence? They have been mostly friendly and have gone out of their way to help.

Round Pegs in Round Holes

This, £10,000,000 firm is one of Britain's key export concerns. Listen to these three young men—representatives of the rising generation of business executives upon whom our industrial future will depend—discussing Britain's trading prospects.

MacKinnon: "All this talk about England having had its day is nonsense."

Slater: "We have a better chance than America. We have things under control here. We know where we're going."

Moore: "All the same, we've a lot to learn from America."

G.E.C.'s plain-spoken managing director, J. J. Gracie, looked in on the argument. He's an enthusiast for the Business Training Scheme. "I've always wanted something like this. I'm backing it to the full. It should be kept going permanently. You know how many square pegs we have in round holes. Why can't we take them all out periodically, put them through some sort of scheme like this and get all the round pegs fitted to the round holes and the square pegs to the square holes?"

Why can't we, indeed?

Back at Walthamstow, class over, Tutor Mayall asks: "What do you honestly think about all this? You know some people say 'Fine! Magnificent!' Others laugh—they say good business men are born not made."

In the train coming back from Witton I reflected that in the few months I've been home from the wars this scheme is one of the things that has given me most hope for the future of our nation.

Make a Note of It

PEOPLE MUST BE TALKING about me—my ears are burning. And, with Christmas only just a couple of weeks off, I know exactly what they are saying.

"I suppose we'd better get him something," they are saying. "But what?"

"Oh, get him a diary."

"But we gave him a diary last year."

"Well, he'll have finished that by now. Get him another."

"Here's quite a nice one for 4s. 6d."

"Here's one for 2s. 3d."

"That'll do. Thank heaven we've settled him. Now what about those awful Robinsons. They always send us something."

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So it goes on. And the really annoying part is that after Christmas, when I have received five or six diaries, it is too late to sell the things.

The only novel form of diary that I have ever seen was kept by a girl whom I know. She coloured each day according to her mood. Colours ranged from bright yellow when she was cheerful, right through to black, which was the next best thing to suicide. Last year someone gave me a diary printed on blue paper, which was appropriate.

The fact is that the publishers of diaries ought to pep themselves up and bring their literary work up to date. For instance, they still tell us when the sun rises, as if it made any difference in view of the weather we get nowadays.

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They usually include a page for personal particulars, such as height, weight, colour of eyes, size in collars, shoes, etc. In an idle moment I once filled in this page. Then I quickly tore it out and burnt it. It looked too much like the description of the Wanted Man.

Diary-makers also cling to such things as Lammas Day, Hilary Terms and the Golden Number. I don't mind telling them quite frankly that I can't work up any real excitement over Quinquagesima or the Vernal Equinox.

With a little thought, diaries could be really helpful. I should like to see such items as:

January 1. Gas bill arrives.

January 30. Final demand for gas bill.

February 14. St. Valentine's Day. Gas cut off.

February 22. Last week for points.

June 24. Midsummer Day. Send winter overcoat to the dry-cleaners.

Properly constructed diaries could provide a useful reminder service. For instance, every Thursday there would appear the word "Itma." And once a fortnight throughout the year would occur the polite hint, "Get your hair cut."

They should also include spaces for recording the days of the week when supplies arrive at each of the local pubs.

I am surprised that no one has brought out diaries especially for women. They would be pink and heavily scented with one of those exotic perfumes which have names like "Come Hither," or "How Dare You?" They would have spaces for noting things like the owner's current hair colour and length of nails, as well as the time needed for cooking semolina and the date when the next egg is due.

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But I suppose the diaries will go on clinging to such information as High Tide at London Bridge and the number of hectares in a something-or-other.

And now I've written this I suppose no one will give me a diary this Christmas. I shall be rushing round on December 27 trying to buy one when they have all been sold.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR FOOTBALL?

Continental teams have got us on our toes. They're challenging us at the game we taught the world. We must consider sacrificing goal-producing speed for the art of pure soccer

by JOHN DWYNN

THE SCANDINAVIANS USED TO harry these shores with fire and sword. Now they harry our football pitches. Having recently got rid of Norrkoping, the Swedish invaders, and saved a little prestige by a draw in the fourth and final match of the tour, British football is faced with an onslaught by the Danes.

Norrkoping beat Charlton 3—2, Sheffield United 5—2 and Newcastle 3—2, and took the Wolves to a 1-all draw. Some people think that the First Division would be a cakewalk for these Swedes. Certainly they have made League teams look sick.

And the Danes, represented by Copenhagen, are considered to be even more formidable. Last season we sent over an R.A.F. eleven of almost international standard — it included Hardwick, Matthews, Soo, Mortensen and Fenton—and the result was a 1-all draw against Denmark.

Men who have watched the Danes playing in their own territory consider that they are better than the Swedes and better than the Czechs, who were represented by Sparta this season. The rise of Continental football and the alleged decline of English football have been making the authorities scratch their heads and ask "Why?"

Now, as we approach half-time in the first real post-war season, it is not a bad moment to ask the question: Has British football really declined?

It has—from old Corinthian standards of pure football.

The thing which hurts is that Continental teams, and the Swedes especially, have been playing the sort of football which Britain taught the world. They come over here and beat us at our old game. Stanley Rous, secretary of the Football Association, says: "They are simply playing what we taught them years ago." In other words, the foreigners stick to Corinthian ideas.

Soccer Less Scientific

Rudolf Eklow, the Swedish international referee, thinks that we have lost the art of midfield play. He says that we rely too much on the ball's being slammed up to the wingers and centre forward in the hope of a goal being scored. Some believe that the change in the offside rule, made in 1925, ruined the forward game. Certainly forward play was speeded up but it became less scientific.

That change can be blamed on the great Herbert Chapman of Arsenal. He formulated the "stopper" half and, with "policeman" Herbie Roberts, his team scored such successes that most other clubs followed suit.

Some critics may say that the game needs more thought, more positional play and less hustle. Alec James says that the first club which returns to the old style will win the League championship. But the great football-going public loves the tearaway game.

The gloomy view of English football is not taken by Stanley Matthews, Stoke and international right-winger and the biggest draw in the game. He says "ridiculous" to the idea that our football is in danger of becoming decadent.

The Continentals have improved greatly since 1939, he admits. But, he insists, there is a wrong impression about these touring foreigners. They send one crack team over. But this island has not one but fifty really good sides.

Norrkoping, the Swedish "invaders" beat Charlton by using the Corinthian standards of positional play

Stanley Matthews says "ridiculous" to the idea that British football is in danger of becoming decadent

And one thing stands out—that England has never been beaten by a foreign side on this soil. In the midst of general despondency there are high hopes for continued success in internationals this season. England trounced Northern Ireland, beat Eire, scored a 3—0 victory over Wales and licked Holland.

The win against Wales was scored by superb inside forward play. Mannion, Carter and Lawton are probably the three finest inside forwards in the business.

It does not seem to matter whether Stanley Matthews returns to the team or whether Tom Finney, the Preston plumber, takes his place, for the team has a winning complex and should beat Scotland.

If we are determined to look on the black side of things, we must consider the decline and imminent fall of mighty Arsenal.

If Arsenal goes down into the Second Division it will be a long fight back. Cardiff City, who beat Arsenal for the Cup in 1927, fell out of Division I and then slid into the Third Division. They have been trying to get back into Division II for sixteen years.

Bury, Burnley and Newcastle are still trying to struggle back. So are Notts County, Bradford City, Oldham and Bristol City.

The descent to Avernus in League football is greased, but the way back is almost like trying to climb Everest.

The fate of Arsenal is a southern lament. The northerners are crowing that, with the season nearly half over, they have almost crowded out the southern teams in the first two divisions. Post-war football has not got back to normal and there are surprise wins every week, rather prejudicing this half-time view of the prospects.

It is too early to say which is the team of the season, though Wolves and Newcastle are probably the most formidable in the first two divisions.

The moral of the general picture is that the industrial north, that great nursery of football, helped now by protected trades such as mining and shipbuilding, is overwhelming the south. That is a return to the status of football as it was before the rise of the southern clubs.

A Dangerous Trade

Meanwhile a million people see football every Saturday, and the game is experiencing the greatest boom it has ever had—a boom which inspired the Players' Union to threaten to strike for bigger wages. There is a lot to be said for the players' attitude; the professional footballer plies a difficult and dangerous trade and he is entitled to get as much out of the gate proceeds as he can.

James Guthrie, chairman of the Players' Union, having obtained his minimum demands of £7 a week in the season and £5 a week in the summer, has suggested that, as some Third Division clubs may not be able to afford those rates, north and south should be made into one strong Third League.

There will be a great deal of opposition to the idea.

That great old gamble of the football world, the Football Association Cup competition, is now past its preliminary rounds. What do those wise fellows, the bookmakers, think of the chances?

Before the First Round proper they were laying twenty to one against Derby County's retaining the trophy. Derby are well down in the second half of Division I.

The same odds were being offered against Charlton Athletic, who lost the last Cup Final 4—1. The favourites for the Cup, quite rightly, were Blackpool and Wolves, both quoted at fourteen to one. Second favourites were Aston Villa—always considered dangerous players in this competition—Liverpool, Manchester United, Stoke and Sunderland, all quoted at sixteen to one.

Poor old Arsenal was given the slightly ungenerous odds of forty to one.

If you wished to take a hundred to one, you could get Bradford, Doncaster, Plymouth, Queens Park Rangers and West Ham, or you could plunge on Crystal Palace, Luton, Swansea, Wrexham and Bury at three hundred to one.

But it is probably not a very good way to make money. It might be better to back the Danes.

as I was saying

HELP YOURSELF TO FAME

by HERBERT HODGE

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES some people so successful in life? I'm thinking of the man or woman who starts right at the bottom, often in dire poverty; who is compelled to go out to work at an early age, with only the barest minimum of schooling, and with no family influence or "pull" of any kind—and yet rises up to become great and famous.

The late Mr. Heinz (of the 57 varieties) is reported to have said on his deathbed: "I owe all my success to hard work and an implicit faith in God."

But it seems to me you need quite a bit of good luck, too.

These thoughts came into my head while reading Edna Nixon's recently published life of John Hilton, the Lancashire mechanic who became our greatest radio commentator, with a weekly audience of six millions.

Luck obviously played a big part in John Hilton's career—luck both good and bad. But when you see the whole stretch of his life set out on paper, there seems to be something more. There seems to be a pattern, a destiny.

It seems as though John Hilton, the boy apprentice in the cotton mill of the eighteen nineties, long before broadcasting was thought of, was destined even then to become the great broadcaster of the nineteen thirties and forties.

His ambition, in those days, was much the same as that of any other boy in his position. He wanted to become a good mechanic. He did. Then he became foreman, and, later, works manager. But bad luck followed—a severe illness that finished him for factory work. At twenty-eight he was living with his wife and son in a 5s.-a-week cottage, with home-made furniture, and trying to earn money by making footmuffs out of rabbit skins.

But (and here you seem to see the thread of destiny) he had won a prize, as a boy, for an essay on free trade. Because of this, he was offered a job as a street-corner speaker for the Free Trade Union. In order to speak with greater knowledge on free trade, he took up the study of international relations. Later, because he now knew so much about international relations, he was appointed secretary of a society to promote this study.

Again Destiny Reached Out

This new position led him to study trusts and combines, on which he drew up a report. As a result, in 1919 he was invited to join the newly formed Ministry of Labour as a Director of Statistics.

At last an assured career seemed to be opening out before him: great opportunities as a Civil Servant. But once again destiny seems to have reached out to turn him towards a better end. He discovered that, despite his acknowledged ability, and even genius, the really important appointments in the Civil Service were not for him.

Why? Nobody seems to know. My own belief is that he wasn't wearing the right school tie.

He was offered the Chair of Industrial Relations at Cambridge, and accepted it. It was obviously an ideal appointment for a man who knew industry from personal experience as mechanic, foreman, manager, compiler of statistics and Ministry of Labour official; and, equally important, had learned, in his street-corner days, how to put his ideas into simple and straightforward language.

But here again he came up against it. Perhaps a college professor with practical experience of the workshop was altogether too revolutionary a person for an ancient university. At all events, not one of the colleges elected him to a Fellowship (my own opinion, again, is that he wasn't wearing the right school tie).

Yet see how destiny seems to have led him on. Because he felt unwanted in the academic society of Cambridge, he spent most of his leisure hours in the society of the Cambridge unemployed—helping them to help themselves. And so he got to know the human side of unemployment.

Fulfilment of a Mission

And then, because he was an authority (a Cambridge professor, no less), he was asked to broadcast on industrial relations and, later, on unemployment. Because he knew the hearts of the men and women who were listening to him; because from personal experience he knew how they felt; because he knew, too, the homely words, the common speech, he was able not only to give learned lectures but to make them first-rate radio talks—talks that held "old men from the chimney corner, and children from their play."

John Hilton Talking reached more listeners than probably any other series of radio talks, before or since. It seems now, looking backwards from the end to the beginning, that John Hilton's whole life was one long preparation for those final supreme moments at the microphone.

Accident or destiny? It's anybody's guess.

The one thing I know for certain about John Hilton is the enormous amount of sheer hard work he put into those radio talks.

When I knew him, he was at the height of his fame. He used a dictaphone for much of his literary work and for his huge correspondence. He also had his secretaries. But those apparently effortless radio talks of his were all laboriously written out by hand; he wrestled with them hour after hour, word by precious word, until every sound and syllable had been fitted into its place like the jewelled bearings of an expensive watch.

John Hilton, the mechanic, was now working in words. Those nice, easy, friendly chats at the microphone, that seemed to come "straight out of his mouth, all rough and ready," were, in reality, carefully contrived works of art.

It was overwork that killed him in the end.

So whether you believe in the God of the late Mr. Heinz, or whether you don't; whether you believe it's destiny that leads a man on to greatness, or that it's just luck, there appears to be one ingredient you can't do without: hard work.

Of course, it may all go for nothing. You can never tell. But if, after a lifetime of such work, luck still refuses to give you a lift, and destiny continues to ignore you, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you, at your end, have given of your utmost, holding nothing back.

John Bull's friendly philosopher discusses current topics in this special feature each week

JOHN BULL QUIZ

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN THE ANSWERS to these questions. If you know all the answers in any one section, you may consider yourself an expert in that subject. Four correct answers out of five peg your general knowledge as first-class; three out of five as very good. Turn to page 26 for the final check-up.

HEADLINES

(1) "Roosevelt Memorial Plan Success"—what is the plan? (2) "Gold Award for Sir Alexander Fleming"—for what? (3) "Haganah is anti-Irgun"—where and why? (4) "Three jockeys retire"—can you name two of them? (5) "Fighting in Skra"—where's that?

DRINK

(1) "Corporation Pump" and "Adam's Ale" are two names for what drink? (2) What kind of drink is grog? (3) What would you understand by "Bollinger 1900"? (4) How does brandy get its colour? (5) What is the tax on a pint of beer?

BOOK TITLES

Name the authors with your answers: (1) What were *The Nine Tailors*? (2) Why was he called *The Man Who Was Thursday*? (3) What were *The Good Companions*? (4) What was the name of *Our Mutual Friend*? (5) What was *Cashel Byron's Profession*?

ENGINEERING

(1) What machine would a turner use? (2) How many mils to an inch? (3) A "clicker" is a man; a "foreigner" is an object—what are they? (4) What is the name of a small bulldozer? (5) What would you be doing if you were "tapping" and "dieing"?

PHILOSOPHY

(1) What Greek devised an ideal republic? (2) What is metaphysics? (3) What nationality were Spinoza and Schopenhauer? (4) The three basic conflicting schools of philosophy are materialism, idealism and realism. What is the difference? (5) Who is the leading figure in the current movement, existentialism?—he is also the author of *Huis-Clos*.

NAMES

(1) Can you give the French, Italian, Spanish and Russian forms of "John"? (2) By what Christian name did we know the present King when he was a boy? (3) What should be the full names of girls called "Trissy" and "Madge"? (4) What are the feminine forms of Lawrence and William? (5) Whence does the name "Dennis" derive?

RADIO

(1) Can you name all the Regions? (2) Who are the stars of *Stand Easy* and *Just William*? (3) If you were in Broadcasting House what would you think the red, blue and green lights meant? (4) What is the ionosphere? (5) What is a "washboard weeper" or "soap opera"?

FOREIGN PHRASES

(1) If something went on *ad nauseam* would you like it? (2) What does the word "von" mean when it prefixes German names? (3) If you were having "à la carte al fresco" what would you be doing? (4) What is the meaning of "a priori"? (5) What do people mean when they say "San Fairy Ann"?

BIRDS

(1) What is a penguin's coat made of? (2) When a linnet's eggs are placed in a skylark's nest, which bird's song do the little linnets grow up singing? (3) What is the name of that little red-brown bird (its tail stands on end) that you see in the garden? (4) What have the moa, the great auk, the dodo and the solitaire in common? (5) There are three reasons why most people never hear a nightingale sing; do you know them?

THE SINGING ASPIDISTRA

Dave was 1910 personified. When the band heard him play the double-bass they asked him to sing instead—with surprising results

by KESTON CLARKE

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

FROM THE YELL Hymie let out you might have supposed it was his wrist, not mine, that got the knock when the thing backfired.

He leaned across the steering-wheel, a lock of black hair touching his nose. "As though we already didn't have trouble enough——" he wailed.

And he went on sitting there, beating his brow, while I danced in the roadway, clenching my teeth and counting the electric shocks that were chasing up my right arm. Our second car came up and stopped. Lisbeth got out, inspected my arm and yelled to someone to look along the ditch for some clean water.

"It doesn't have to be clean," said Hymie viciously. "They'll saw his arm off anyway. Now cheer me up. Now tell me it'll be original to have a left-handed bass player. Now everybody go for a walk in the beautiful country while I rearrange our hot numbers for two trombones and a tin whistle!"

Poor old Hymie is the nicest band leader in the business, but he does tend to look on the gloomy side. My right forearm was coming up like a camel's hind leg, but I didn't think any bones were broken.

"You'll have to see a doctor, though, when we get there," said Lisbeth. "If it doesn't have to go into plaster you'll be playing again in a week——"

Hymie, still drooping over his dashboard, uttered a croak of sardonic relief.

"A week? Fine. Eight hundred couples will sit out for seven days owing to a technical hitch with a cranking handle. Meanwhile, we put on a gramophone record."

By this time Jud, our vocalist, had managed to crank up without getting a backfire, and Lisbeth had fixed my arm the best way she knew, with a cold-water bandage and a sling. She and the others got back into their car. Jud wedged himself into ours, among the instruments, and I sat by Hymie, who continued his moan.

"It had to be the double-bass. If it'd been Jud we could have pushed him up to the mike in a bathchair. If it'd been Roy we could have picked up a dozen drummers between here and the coast. Same with the sax. But no. It had to be you. . . ."

CERTAINLY it was tough. There seemed to be a shortage of chaps who could slap the strings; and nowadays even a small band like ours is expected to give them the old *zoom zoom*. It looks a useless job, but it gives body to the music.

In fact I could have stayed in town and still had a pretty full book, standing in odd nights here and there. But when I met Hymie in the alley and he told me three of the lads from the old outfit were in civvies again, and he could sign up for a season if only he could scrape up a band—well, I ask you. It would be eight quid a week and four meals a day and help yourself to the sea air; and the old lads and Lisbeth—the way that girl weaves an accordion!

"Pull up at a phone box," I said. "We'll try a trunk call back to town. There's sure to be a bass player loafing in the alley——"

"The smooth way you talk, Charlie, one would imagine you believed yourself. This car don't pull up. It only stops at places in between. And country telephones ain't connected. And should I have brought

That evening, Lisbeth and Dave sang a duet "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." It went down nicely. All the boys looked happy

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Pioneers wanted

THE MAN AFRAID to think for himself follows the paths other men have made. It does not seem to concern him whether the way is good or bad. This tramline mentality is what is troubling nine-tenths of the world today. It is behind all the trouble and misery from which we're trying to escape.

The lines most people follow run straight into growing discontent. It has always been so. We seem incapable of getting off those lines on to a new route.

There never was a time when the need was greater for men of fresh vision, youth with new ideas, people with courage to get off their mental tramlines en route for a greater destiny.

I believe that if there could be found one man with a new message for men and the courage to preach it, he would get a response from all people.

But there is always a price to pay for anything worth while, and the price for the courage to break away from outworn tradition is dedication, selflessness and moral courage.

If we are prepared to risk laughter and ridicule, we can do our share. New ideas, new ways of thinking, new approaches to old problems are nobody's exclusive rights. We can all help.

Only too recently we have seen how one man with a new idea—but a bad one—fooled a nation. Ideas presented with courage and determination are clearly catching. Try it—with good ones!

by ROFFE THOMPSON

you along if there'd been any real musicians?"

"If you'll hang around till my arm's mended, Hymie, I'll throttle you with my bare hands. There's a kiosk at the crossroad."

I did the telephoning because when Hymie's sad voice floats over the wire all the exchange girls sob into their switchboards. The first two agents said, "Ha, ha! Find a bass player in time to catch the next train to Torcliffe? That's a good one. Give us a ring one evening when we're sitting round the fire." The third said, "What? Sure. Got the very man. Dave Bigland."

"Never heard of him," I said.

"You're hearing of him now."

"What's he look like?"

"Is it a bass you're wanting," asked the agent, "or a landscape with rhododendrons? He looks like something out of a dance band. Sort of screwy."

I opened the kiosk door and bellowed to Hymie, who was trying to keep the engine running. "Take him," called Hymie. "Sounds like one of us——"

"Just one thing," said the agent. "No instrument. Been in the Army and they don't issue double-basses at the demob centre. Says he's going to build one when he can get some wood."

THEY say in a family car you can start from town after breakfast and be in Torcliffe for lunch, so we didn't do badly to roll up in time to miss tea. From there I went to the local hospital where they decided I could keep my arm on for the time being; then I strolled to the station to meet Dave Bigland.

While waiting for the express I bought an evening paper and read all about the latest jewel burglary in London. It'd be funny, I mused, if this Bigland bloke turned out to be the burglar, fleeing from the law. There must be something fishy about a bass player, these busy days, being able to scrap his dates and come away at a minute's notice. Then I remembered he'd no fiddle, so maybe he'd no dates——

"I'm Dave Bigland."

★ ★ ★

The train was emptying and he stood beside me. I didn't know I had that boogie-woogie look but maybe you can tell a dance band player by the aroma. I wouldn't care to say what Dave Bigland looked like. Maybe his bowler hat had a black past, but it was dust-colour now.

His drooping moustache had crawled straight out of a family album. His florid face was creased as though he'd spent some years trying to press it into the top of a pint tankard; and his suit had been very smart, way back before the old squire died, but on Dave the trousers looked a shade heavy in the draping around the boots.

On the way back I mentioned some of the new numbers we'd been practising.

"Ah," said Dave. "Yes. Now, I must say I've been a bit out of touch."

"Army?"

"Jail."

"Quite," I murmured politely, as though the odd spot of forgery or arson could be a help.

"But I'll be able to follow," said Dave. "I never done nothing classical, y'know. Gimme a cheerful tune and they'll hear me strummin' away. . . ."

I was glad to think that Hymie had been prepared for the worst ever since the day he was born. He swallowed hard when I produced Dave Bigland, but said, suppressing a sarcastic note, "Mighty good of you to oblige at short notice."

"I wanted to get away from town," said Dave.

The bunch gathered round and, as the ballroom wouldn't be in use till eight, Hymie ordered us on stage for a rehearsal.

"D'you think this character is really a bass player?" whispered Jud to me.

"No."

"Neither do I, but what's your reason?"

"Tell you later."

You may think I'd got the easy part, sitting out on the ballroom floor nursing my bad arm while Hymie put the band through its stuff. That's because you haven't heard Dave Bigland on the bass. I won't say he couldn't play at all. Several times he whanged out the old *zumba-zumba* dead on the target, but other times he missed it by a tramride and, as nobody knew what was coming, it tended to corrugate the nerves.

He seemed to realize himself he wasn't in the State-opera class.

"I can vamp a bit on the piano," he offered amiably, "if you'd rather."

"You vamp over my dead body," said Hymie, "and the way I feel it won't be long to wait."

Somehow we scraped and tootled our way through that evening's dance, and I suppose the sea air made the crowd feel good, for, to my astonishment, we weren't pelted with dead squibs. Now and again a couple would look up in a startled way if Dave happened to smite the right chord, but there was no violence.

"All the same," said Hymie, after the dance, "it won't do. Already I have a headache. Such another programme and I'll be seeing double. And when I see two Dave Biglands it will be the beginning of the end. So tomorrow I get on the phone to town and I don't hang up till they find me a real bass player, not if it takes me till next season."

The new man had gone to bed, for the bars were closed and he wasn't keen on other exercise, and the rest of our bunch were taking a walk in the moonlight—except for Jud. So we left Hymie to meditate on the vanity of human hopes and set out along the front. There was a seat under a lamp. We sat down and I showed Jud the burglar story in my evening paper.

"What then, Charlie—got a theory about the burglary?"

"No; but about the burglar. Couldn't it be this fellow Bigland?"

Jud whistled.

"Look," I said. "Suppose you hadn't come so low as being a dance band vocalist and were just a burglar. The cops are nosing around—it says they've found clues—and you want to skip from London and sort of naturally appear somewhere else, with no questions asked. What more innocent than to be playing in a seaside dance band?"

"Possible," Jud commented, "but where'd you get the idea?"

I told him. A real double-bass player gets his fingers all worn and calloused through slapping the strings. "Haven't you noticed mine?" But Bigland's were only slightly skinned and blistered.

"What you'd expect," objected Jud, "if he's just from the Army——"

"And likewise what you'd expect," I rejoined, "if a chap deliberately tried to rub the skin off his fingers. It says here they've found prints. See how it fits in. Another thing—he was in jail, not the Army."

This was enough to convince Jud that we ought to keep a stern eye on brother Bigland. Apart from assisting the law, a smart capture of a big crook would give Hymie's band some good publicity. We got up and walked thoughtfully back. Next morning, while Lisbeth was bandaging my arm, Jud and I told her about Bigland. She agreed we ought to keep him with us, by force if necessary, till we'd more evidence.

"But not as the bass player," she said.

"Why not? He'll improve——"

"That's exactly his game; keeping the skin worn off his fingers, see?"

Lisbeth had read in a crime novel that crooks sometimes rub the skin off their fingers to escape identification, but when it grows again the prints are exactly as before. Somehow we had to keep Dave Bigland and make him grow his skin again. So we went in search of Hymie. He was sitting with a strangle-grip on a telephone, but it was Hymie who looked throttled.

"You say you already sent me a bass player yesterday?" he was screeching. "You call me the biggest consumer ot bass players in Europe? Now look, mister agent, I am a sick man, nearly. If there is no justice I ask for charity——"

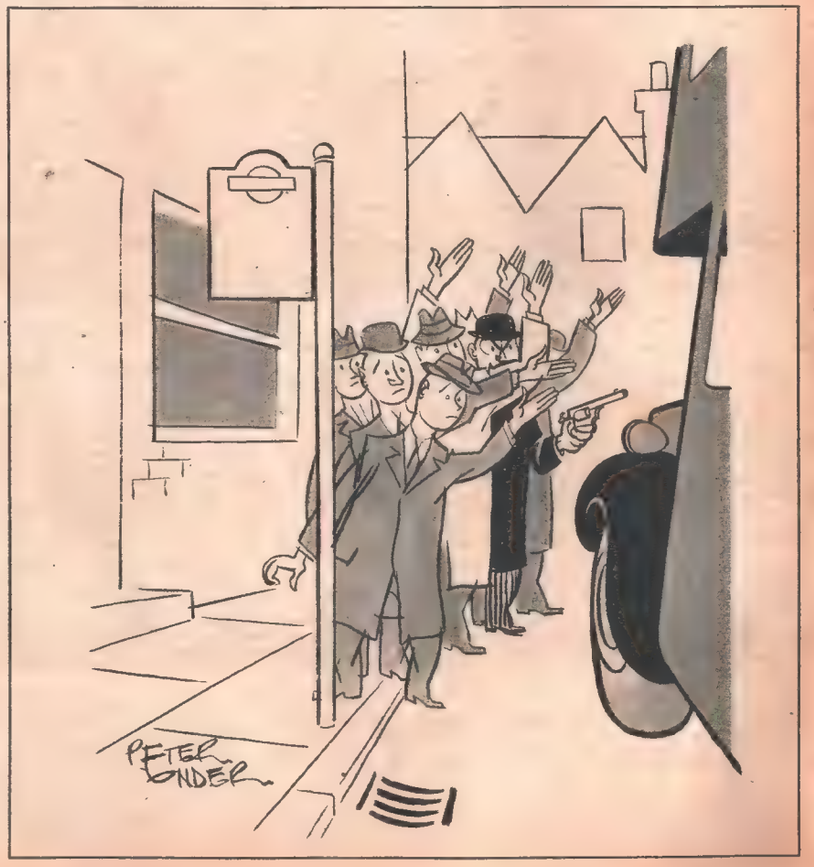
We prised Hymie away and I told him his troubles were over. I could play again from now on. He gave a fat smile. Then Lisbeth said we wanted Bigland to stay on. "It's only fair — he was promised a week."

"I knew there'd be a catch in it," Hymie moaned. "What can he do?"

Even Dave Bigland didn't know that, when we lugged him out of the bar. His moustache wavered and he twiddled his bowler. "I played the trumpet for a while, a couple of years ago."

Hymie clutched his head. "A couple of years ago. So any noises you make in a trumpet now will be like pulling a cat through a gaspipe. I think I will open a brick factory on the side. . . ."

It was Lisbeth, as usual, who had the bright idea. Staring at Dave that afternoon as he stood on the sea front—still in his bowler hat—consuming a plate of



cockles, she realized his cosmic significance. He was the year 1910 in person. His smile proclaimed stout and gorgonzola, whelks and hokey-pokey. He was the "Bull and Bush," the Isle of Man and the Old Kent Road in one complete outfit.

"He's old-time music hall," she said.

"He may be the bloke who busted the bank at Monte Carlo," Jud murmured darkly. "But that don't help any."

"Use your imagination, laddie. There's more than one age-group in this town. And I'll bet Dave was quite a nice baritone before the moths and mildew got at him."

Jud and I didn't care what Dave had been besides a jailbird provided we could keep him long enough to get those fingerprints. Between us we sold the scheme to Hymie, without telling him why.

And that evening Jud took over the accordion and Lisbeth with Dave sang a duet, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." It went over nicely. Even Hymie looked reasonably happy.

So did Lisbeth and Dave. And Jud said our detection was working out fine. The only sufferer was myself; for, after an evening of slapping the bass with my bruised arm I hoped we would put Dave Bigland away for thirty years at least, with hard labour.

In the morning Hymie said: "Special request from the dancers. They want an extra intermission with another duet. Dave knocked 'em cold—they're calling him the singing aspidistra."

It was easy enough, after that, to keep Dave Bigland with the band. And each meal time Jud and I looked hard at his fingers to make sure he was growing the skin.

Then one evening—we were sitting around for half an hour before the dance and Dave was inspiring our minds with odd bits out of the paper. It seemed the time was ripe to get his prints along to the police.

"I don't like the look of the situation in that there Danube basin," he remarked gravely.

"Then don't look at it," I suggested. "Have a gasper."

I'd polished my silver cigarette case specially. Now I tossed it to Dave. It came back with enough fingerprints to convict the original forty thieves. I slipped it very slowly and carefully into my pocket.

"Another speed record," recited Dave. "This jet-propulsion . . . marvellous!"

"You've certainly got something there," I said.

"You're dead right, Dave," added Jud, cocking an eye at me. His silent message meant: Take care of those prints, we'll get our names in the news for this.

"And I see," went on Dave sociably, "as they've got the bloke who did that jewel robbery. Gave himself up, he did—coo, lummy."

"You don't say?" Jud remarked, looking across at me. And I took the cigarette case out again and started cleaning it—with my handkerchief. Oddly enough I didn't feel in the least disappointed. We'd got used to Dave now, and in his comic-postcard way he was one of the gang.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, "talking of crime, what did you go to jail for, Dave?"

He whiffled his moustaches at me.

"What for? Fifty bob a week and all found. I was on the maintenance staff—plumber's mate. But I didn't care for it. They weren't music-minded, if you see what I mean."

And taking his venerable bowler from beneath his chair, Dave Bigland set his course for the bar, to acquire strength and poise for that evening's rendering of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee."

FAMILY VERDICT

In this final article of a John Bull series, the Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council sums up the present crisis in the family and suggests four practical remedies

Training in housecraft—here seen in action—is one of the forms of marriage preparation advocated by Dr. Mace

by DR. DAVID MACE

MOST THOUGHTFUL MEN AND WOMEN today are aware that something serious is happening to family life. It is one thing, however, to deplore an apparent evil. It is another to diagnose its cause. In this series of articles I have tried to do the latter—to set out some of the reasons which help to explain the events.

Among other things I have instanced the economic strangulation of the family, the social emancipation of women, the chaos in moral standards, the special difficulties which beset modern marriage. I do not claim that I have dealt with *all* the factors involved, nor always placed the emphasis where other people might wish to place it. I have simply been trying to make a plea for intelligent understanding of this great social upheaval of our time.

Above all, I have urged that we should not write off the disorders afflicting family life today.

One type of family life may be dying fast; but in its place, as I believe, another and a better type is being born. Death throes and birth struggles are at the moment almost hopelessly intermixed. But I think we shall presently be able to distinguish the one from the other. The sooner we can sharpen our judgment so as to be able to do so, the more ready we shall be to see our way out of the present tangle.

Indeed, I think we are already beginning to see the way out. And it is about the remedies that I want particularly to write in this closing article.

I suggest that there are four things we must do in order to resolve the present crisis and make family life sound and secure again.

First, we must create the best possible *environment* for the homes of the future. Social and economic security, health and welfare services, housing and education, town and country planning—all these are vital to family stability.

This part of the job is essentially the concern of the Government. But we must never forget that the policy of a democratic state can go no further than the general enlightenment of the public permits. Ordinary citizens must decide what they want in the homes of the future; and, having so decided, must go on asking for it till they get it.

Patching It Up

Secondly, we must offer a *remedial service* for families in trouble—and particularly for marriages in trouble. Our mistake in the past has been an over-concentration on the child, coupled with a failure to realize that the best way to ensure his happiness is to see that his parents are happy in their relationship to one another. This is where marriage guidance comes in, as a constructive alternative to divorce.

I often think of a woman who came to me, years ago, because her marriage was breaking up. I can see her now, shaking her head in bewilderment and saying: "You know, Dr. Mace, this is a queer country. They put up magnificent buildings for you to go to if you want to *end* your marriage, but there's nowhere to go if you want to *mend* it."

For years I have striven, and others with me, to meet that challenge. What we must face is the terrible wastefulness of divorce. Some bad marriages will no doubt always be embarked upon, and divorce will remain with us as a regrettable necessity. But everyone who knows the situation at close quarters is well aware that many of the divorces going through the courts at the present time are quite unnecessary and could be prevented if proper machinery for reconciliation were available.

It is to be hoped that the Denning Committee, in its final report, will have some constructive proposals about this. I have given evidence before the committee, and I testify to the seriousness with which it is tackling this urgent question.

Romantic Delusion

Thirdly, we must have a plan for *prevention*—an educational policy which will prepare young people, as they grow up, for home-making.

What some of us are realizing clearly nowadays is that boys and girls can, according to the way they are brought up, be conditioned either for success or failure in marriage. Our present policy, or the lack of one, is undoubtedly predisposing thousands of youths and girls towards eventual divorce.

These young people are learning to think of sex and love in terms of a great romantic delusion which renders them quite unequal to the stern disciplines and difficult adjustments of married life. I believe the time is at hand when drastic revisions of our educational policy, in home and school alike, will be undertaken to meet this situation.

We need thorough marriage preparation, sound teaching in parentcraft for both girls *and boys*, and training in housecraft and what the Americans call "home economics." The demands of modern family life make it crass stupidity to allow youngsters to embark upon so responsible an enterprise without being provided with the best equipment which knowledge and experience can give them.

Finally, we must embark upon a thorough overhaul of our standards and values. The battle for the family must be fought out, ultimately, in the realm of ideas. It is what we *believe*—about sex, about love, about marriage, about parenthood—that ultimately decides personal action and social policies.

It is high time to take stock. We need, and need badly, a fresh interpretation of the whole field of personal relationships, in the light of the knowledge and insight which have come to us in recent years. What is new and modern must be blended with what is old and tried.

It is only when we have reached agreement about the kind of family life for which we are striving that we can unite our efforts and hope to make any real progress. If these articles have provoked fruitful thought and discussion in this direction, they will have accomplished the purpose for which they were written.

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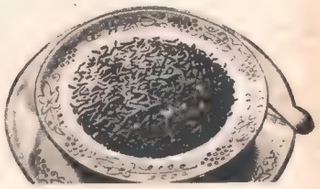

THIS FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

— neither a drug nor a medicine, but a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal

CONSTIPATION is affecting many more of us these days, for two reasons—the strain of daily life, and the soft modern food we eat.

Most of our meals don't contain the *bulk* they should. In consequence, the intestinal muscles become lazy and out of the habit of working naturally. We get constipated.

The best way to combat this condition is to get more bulk into your diet. Start by eating delicious crispy Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast time. This health-giving cereal will give those lazy, sluggish intestinal muscles something to take hold of. The bulk provided by Kellogg's All-Bran will get these muscles working and keep them working normally and regularly.

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When a woman insists on the Izal Toilet Roll that bears the Green Cross, she follows her sure instinct for protecting her family. In hospital and laboratory, where they fight germs for the sake of everybody's health, the Green Cross is respected. For it is the sign of Izal Germicide, the enemy of disease.

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FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

BUILDERS ARE TEMPTED

DEMOBILIZED A YEAR AGO, I spent my gratuity and savings on equipment and materials and started business as a decorator. Work poured in, but the weeks went by as I waited in idleness for licences and permits.

The licences were refused, and eventually financial circumstances made it impossible to carry on. I was sorely tempted to undertake black-market jobs. I knew that luxury flats were a happy hunting ground for anyone who would undertake this sort of decorating. Price is no object, and of course materials can always be obtained—at a price.

The temptation, I maintain, is unfair to a man who finds himself ruined through no fault of his own. But the idea of flouting the law worried me and it made me sick to see the responsible people who did it. So I got a job with a builder doing legitimate war damage work.

Just when I was beginning to wonder whether it would not have been better to have joined the black market, I read your article (JOHN BULL, November 23). I pray your ten points to beat the black-market builder will be followed up.—LICENSED BUILDER, Dagenham, Essex. (Name and address enclosed.)

Talking Point

MY HUSBAND AND I are very ordinary people who by force of circumstances have to live in a part of the country we have not known before. Unfortunately it is an area notorious for its accent, and we are concerned because of our daughter, aged four and a half, who has just started school.

Already she has picked up the Black Country twang. Neither my husband nor I believe in so-called refined speech, and we do not think it snobbish to try to ensure that our child speaks plainly and correctly. But many of our neighbours do, and they tell us we are wrong to correct the child. Are they right, I wonder.—MRS. R. C. P., Birmingham. (Name and address enclosed.)

Home Town Roots

SINCE MY LETTER under the above title was published (JOHN BULL, November 2) I have been absolutely swamped with letters from people who wonder if I can help them to get jobs. I will help to the best of my ability and have already sent lists of jobs to a lot of your readers. Others will hear from me later.—D. PRESTON, 35 Elgin Street, Bolton, Lancs.

*** Mr. Preston stated that it was part of his job to obtain employment for ex-Servicemen, but complained that the majority of jobless demobbed men preferred to stay out of work in their home town rather than move to another area giving real opportunities.

Monkey Business

YOUR EXPERT ON NATURE was misinformed when he was told that monkeys cannot swim. All monkeys can swim from birth and although not fond of water they soon lose their fear after a few compulsory introductions.

I have owned a number of monkeys, all of which were powerful swimmers at their first attempt. They have no fixed or recognizable strokes, but few human beings could equal them for speed in the water.

Monkeys certainly do form chains for crossing creeks and swamps but this is probably because the fear of reptiles is greater than the fear of water.—CAPTAIN E. HURST, Grange Road East, Blackpool, Lancs.

Bread and Cheese

IF I GO TO A RESTAURANT for a meal I cannot have bread unless I forfeit some other course. My husband and son, both workers entitled to the extra cheese ration, cannot buy a penny piece of cheese at the works canteen unless they buy a slice of bread as well.—MRS. G., West Ealing, London, W.13.

Bowler-Hatted

TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK I travel from Bletchley to Euston. The trains have improved enormously lately and I usually reckon to do the forty-five miles journey in an hour. The other

"All records were beaten . . ."

morning all records were beaten and we pulled into Euston within about fifty minutes.

Passing the engine as I left the station, I saw the driver. He was dressed in a smart black overcoat and bowler hat. Any moral?—A. C., Aylesbury Road, Bletchley, Bucks.

Tricking Santa?

A FRIEND WHO IS EMPLOYED at a large store tells me that several girls have been engaged in making up half-ounces of common distemper powder in packets to sell in children's painting outfits.

Three packets, "different colours," one penny brush, and instructions about adding water make up the outfits, which are offered for sale at two shillings.—TOM ELLIS, 45 Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Pride Dies Hard

A TRAMP KNOCKED at my door and asked if I had an old coat. I offered him the choice of two—one light and the other dark—and suggested the dark one was warmer.

He put the light one against his trousers and asked for that—"because it went better."—MRS. E. HARDING, 17 Castle Park Road, Wendover, Bucks.

Potential Mothers

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM, in his article on the birthrate (JOHN BULL, November 9), overlooked one problem—the number of potential mothers condemned to sterility because they are "surplus women."

Every woman has the right to have children if she wants them. I know more than one intelligent woman who would be courageous enough to face the social stigma of having an illegitimate child if she were sure she could provide for it. But, as breadwinner as well as mother, she would be handicapped by the "disgrace" of being an unmarried mother. Let the State have a look at this problem.—M. R. S., Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19. (Name and address enclosed.)

Pro-Priestley . . .

SURELY THERE CAN SELDOM have been a better start to a new feature than J. B. Priestley's analysis of the problems facing the Labour Government. I, and I am sure the great majority of other trade unionists, are no more in favour of abolishing private enterprise than the most crusty old Tory.

What we want from the Labour Government—our Government—is, as Mr. Priestley says, the preservation of reasonable individual liberty with a planned economy.—DONALD SAUNDERS, Casita, Beavers Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

. . . And Agin Him

PRIESTLEY, IT SEEMS TO ME, does not quite tell the whole truth when he says that the chief reason for his rarer broadcasts nowadays is that he cannot fit in with the B.B.C.'s advance planning of programmes.

I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Priestley does not go on the air regularly because the B.B.C., in its wisdom, knows that listeners can hear too much of any man—especially if he happens to be an aggressive and self-opinionated Yorkshireman.—W. H., Lowndes Street, London, S.W.1.

Dally-Ho

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE PURCHASE of a site urgently needed for council houses in this district are still going on after three years. It seems quite impossible to find any way of speeding matters up and most of us are tired of asking what has happened to the Compulsory Purchase Order we heard so much about at one time.

I am now told that the order is held up—for the umpteenth time—because someone wants to know whether there are any ancient monuments on the site, which, incidentally, is a perfectly plain field used for growing vegetables. I am thinking of framing the first letter I ever had about the place and sticking it on a pole on the site. If the delay goes on much longer, this letter, written in January, 1944, should rank as an ancient monument.—WALLACE ARTER, Gorwell, Chilham, Kent.

"Look, no hands!"

Down in the Mouth

VISITING A STRANGE TOWN in the Midlands the other day, I was compelled to go to the dentist. I knew one of my wisdom teeth was in a bad way, but I hardly expected the dentist to be

"Dentist was so comforting . . ."

so comforting when he had had his preliminary examination.—"By jove," he said, "I would not like to be in your shoes."—F. W. HAMM, 42 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

Ruled Reading

THE ATTITUDE OF MANY PARENTS who try to dictate to their children about the books they should read is amazing to me. A father who tells his child not to read "that rubbish" is thoughtless. A child who cannot read what he wishes will soon decide not to read at all. On the other hand, I have yet to see a popular children's paper which does not encourage yet more and better reading.—J. W. WHITING, 23 Acton Street, St. Pancras, London, W.C.1.

Now Let's Have a Drink

I HAVE MET A PHENOMENON—a man who does not drink, smoke or swear, and never has.

Maybe there is a moral in this—several morals in fact—for he is no happier than the rest of us. He is no healthier and no better. And he is nearly always broke.—W. BARRETT, Southampton. (Address enclosed.)

In Favour of Flogging

THE MISERABLE SENTENCES handed out to men guilty of housebreaking make me tired. If they were flogged we should begin to hear less of these outrages.

I suppose the offenders are chiefly outlawed ex-Servicemen who find that civilian life is a harder school than the Army to get along in.—W. LOMAX, 17 Lindbury Avenue, Dialstone Lane, Stockport.

Tailors' Dummies

MR. DIXON, OF POOLE, who was so impressed with the sartorial elegance of the models at Madame Tussaud's, may be interested to know that many of the suits have been presented by the subjects themselves.

Among the celebrities who have helped surmount the difficulties caused by the total absence of clothing coupons are President Truman, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Tommy Handley, Bruce Woodcock and many others.

The effigies of Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Bevin were added before clothing was

Continued on next page, column 4

Father Christmas in Uniform

"IMMEDIATELY on the heels of my 'Bullets' prize telegram came a letter confirming the breath-taking news. Friends took some convincing that I hadn't to appear at a cinema to be presented with my £300 cheque. Instead, the postman brought it.

"On Boxing Day we had a party to celebrate my success and as I looked round the table and remembered all the blessings brought by my success, this thought came to my mind: *Any one of my fellow competitors could have won that prize.*"

That's what capturing a big *Bullets* prize for Christmas meant to a Lancashire reader—Mr. R. G. Patterson, 295 Hunts Cross Avenue, Woolton, Liverpool. As a result of this week's £1,000 Offer, fifteen prize telegrams will reach winners' homes on Tuesday, December 24. Enter the week's best effort on the coupon from this page and a £600 message will be yours on Christmas Eve!

CASH FOR CHRISTMAS

—this way to the prize-list

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

TO REBUILD THE WORLD
IN 1947
TRAVELLER BEVIN
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT
FOR ALL MEN
LESSON OF LIFE
OUT IN THE COLD
STICKY JOB
GOOD TIME COMING
MISSED THE BUS
DARING
MOTHER'S MAGIC
GOES NOWHERE
LIKE A PANTOMIME
OUGHT TO BE FUNNY
HER RESOLUTION
DAD AND HIS MONEY
RUINED THE PARTY
HAS TO DO
MADE THE CAT LAUGH

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

MONUMENT TO.....
PAYING FOR.....
LET'S BE.....AND
EASILY.....
.....SIGHT
POOR OLD.....

£1,000 XMAS CASH for "BULLETS"

1st PRIZE, £600 followed by £100, £50, £40 £30, £20, £18 £16, £14, £12 5 of £10 25 of £2

100 Season Tickets 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,559 (or Xword 511), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 New Year fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Dec. 16.

Across Clues.

1. Mention pulse and many think of these and similar things
3. Certain kind of this is impossible to put out
4. In tight corner, you'll probably welcome friend of exceptional
6. Gold is often used to produce this
9. Men have been known to lose money they'd invested in
11. It's wrong for animals to be shut up in this
12. It may be unwise to make this of crime

Down Clues.

1. Can on occasion save disaster at football game
2. Mechanic should not find it very difficult to adjust this
3. You expect to find snap in
5. Unusually fierce one may well result in accidents
7. Convict must often feel in despair when at this
8. The dirt they leave has to be cleared up constantly
9. Parents who believe children should have this can go too far
10. Helps to keep her hair in place

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,555

FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus CHRISTMAS BIRD

J. H. E. Cramp, 303 London Road, Deal: AUNT AUSTERITY—CRIPPLED INFLATION "BURGLAR," ANYWAY.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Christmas Bird: Mrs. M. Chatfield, 98 Valley View Road Rochester.

This Christmas—Together—Apart From That—

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Christmas Bird: Mrs. S. Jones, 65 Cotehele Avenue, Keyham, Devonport.

Nobody Wants War, So—Let "Contacts" *Banish* "Plague"!

10 PRIZES OF £10 plus Christmas Bird:

A. Balfour, 13 Ashburnham Gardens, Upminster. **Stop Worrying And—Dilemma's Horns Become "Handles"!**

Miss E. M. Bishop, 204 Kingspark Avenue, Glasgow, S.4. **In Trouble—Dad, Explaining Blotting-paper "Crosses."**

J. Borrino, "Oakroyd Villa," Blackburn, Wincobank, Sheffield. **What The Official Said—"Seen File Marked 'Untraceable?'"**

A. Harvey, 2 High Mountains, Newlyn, Penzance. **Man's Progress — Auntie Wishes She'd Encouraged!**

J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol, 7. **What The Official Said—"Bankers?" Father, "Chelsea, Stoke—"**

T. Martin, 10 Flinders Street, Liverpool, 5. **If I Had A Nerve—Like Tooth's, Visiting Dentist!**

J. A. Miller, 11 Apsley Street, Glasgow, W.1. **What the Official Said—Made Grille Seem Bars.**

W. Scott, Great Chart Rectory, Ashford. **What The Official Said—"My Mistake"—By Mistake!**

Miss F. A. Wood, 57 Hercus Loan, Musselburgh. **In Trouble—Recruit—Eiderdown Wasn't Straight!**

G. Yarnall, Elms, 14 Elysian Grove, Aberystwyth. **This Christmas—Remember Those "*Unhappy* Institutions"!**

Notifications have been sent to 100 winners of Christmas Hampers, and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES AND FOWLS WON—XWORD 507

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Boats. 3, Slow. 5, Ladles. 7, Gale or Gaze. 12, Linn. 13, Storm. DOWN: 1, Ballot. 2, Sleep. 4, Wire. 6, Sap. 7, Gorse. 8, Plant. 9, Pond. 10, Riot. 11, Elf.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. R. Burton, "North View," 114 Wharton Terrace, West Hartlepool; Miss R. E. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 33 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Christmas Fowls in addition.

STICK ½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Jan. 4 offering more big £3 HAMPERS

372

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,559** MON., DEC. 16

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules

1B	E	A		2S		3W	O	R		
A	I	L				I	R	E		
		4B	R	A		N		E	5G	
K		A	R					F	A	
6S		I	N	E		E	7B			
		N			8F	R	A	M	E	
9B	A	N								
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Entry-fee: Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

Pencilled entries NOT allowed in Crosswords.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

511 Closing Postmark, MON., DEC. 16

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

rationed, and so no inter-departmental crisis arose. Each of the five hundred figures is valeted each morning before the exhibition opens—that's why your correspondent was struck by their neatness.—R. COLES, Madame Tussaud's, London, N.W.1.

Quiz Fan

YOUR NEW QUIZ is most valuable. In these modern times we read continuously, but there is often little real food for the mind in what we read. Your questions are wide in scope. Going through them, I have found items coming into my memory from a lifetime's accumulation of knowledge. Books which I had long forgotten have come back to me. It is all very refreshing.—W. A. JOHNSTON, Gourock, Renfrewshire.

Cookery Nook

ONE OF JOHN BULL'S quiz questions was about haybox cookery. I have used a haybox for twenty-nine years regularly and cannot understand why more people do not take advantage of this simple, cheap and labour-saving method of preparing a nourishing and tasty meal.

It makes the toughest fowl or meat tender and is ideal for soups and stews—in fact, for anything that needs slow boiling.—MRS. C. A. ARCHER, 9 Woodland Ravine, Scarborough, Yorks.

More Hurry . . .

MY WIFE had a form to fill in for the refund of income tax. To save time and to make sure that she had filled it in correctly, she took it round to the income tax office. The clerk there said it was in order—but he could not accept it over the counter. It had to be posted so that it would "go through the right channels."—J. A. WARREN-BOULTON, 113 Tolcarne Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

Foreman was Horrified

WHILE WORKING on a prefabrication estate I and my two mates had to ladle water from a trench with shovels. As there was a mechanical pump only a few yards away I suggested to the foreman in charge that we might use it. He seemed horribly taken aback by the suggestion and I was told to go to the office and get my cards.—H. W. O., Monmouthshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Science Moves Back

PLEASE MAY WE HAVE some good old-fashioned American cloth again for kitchen tables and shelves, instead of this plastic rubbish science has evolved?—G. H., Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent.

Mood Indigo

WHEN I CAME OUT of the Red Cross, after I had been working full time in a military hospital, I got neither gratuity nor clothing coupons. To the dyers went my only coat, a grey one, to be dyed tan. Imagine my horror when it was returned a garish purple, which would not go with anything else I had.

It had "gone into the wrong vat." My claim for compensation was unsuccessful. Surely this is a hard Civvy Street to come back to?—E. C., Leeds. (Name and address enclosed.)

Child-Watcher

RECENT LETTERS TO "Free Speech" have shown the need for "sitters-in" to give tired mothers a chance to have a change from the daily round. A little time ago I advertised in various shops in my district, saying that I would be glad to look after babies and young children in the afternoons and evenings for a shilling an hour. Several people replied but thought a shilling was too much.—MRS. T. M., Peacehaven, Sussex.

Women and Banking

In an ever-widening circle of customers, the Bank sees and welcomes an increasing number of women.

You are invited to call upon the Manager of any one of the Bank's branches to discuss the wide range of services available for your use.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

RECONDITION YOUR CAR WITH

K·L·G

CORUNDITE PLUGS

for the motorist whose car is always in use

HILLMAN MINX

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

YOU WILL BE SITTING IN THE STALLS IF YOU'RE USING . . . EDX.6B

Exide AND Drydex

L.T. ACCUMULATORS H.T. BATTERIES

The perfect pair for battery Radio sets

THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE CO. LTD., CLIFTON JUNCTION, NR. MANCHESTER

They do say . . .

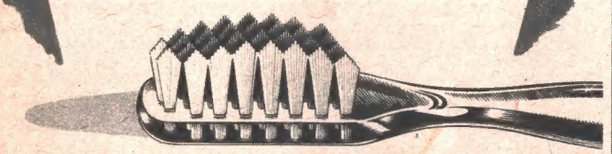
that *all* good children will soon be able to have some Batger's Silmos Lollies again—the good sweets that were zoned to the South.

BATGER'S Silmos Lollies

FRUIT DROPS AT THEIR BEST

The Craftsmanship-built tyre

Halex TOOTHBRUSHES stay springy longer



Wear HAWKINS SHIRTS

Collar Attached SHIRTS

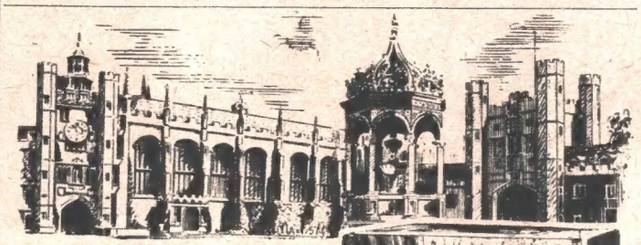
8/6 EACH Postage 7d. for one or two shirts.

Navy shade only. Strong, heavy drill—shrunk finish—Sizes 14 to 16½. 5 Coupons. Post Orders. State clearly size required, also enclose coupons and cash.

John Hawkins & Sons Ltd.

COTTON SPINNERS & MANUFACTURERS
40 retail branches in London, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham and other Midland towns and in Lancashire.
MAIL ORDER SERVICE, Dept. J.B.7
Greenbank Mills, PRESTON, LANCS.

HAWKINS—THE FIRM WITH THE FACTORIES



CAMBRIDGE

The new Pye receivers, backed by years of scientific research, include many new technical advances. "Fidelity" reproduction, the Pye "Tonemaster," Flywheel Tuning and Unfailing Reliability are among the features that make these new AC, DC/AC and Battery models worthy of the fine tradition of the Pye Laboratories in Cambridge.

PYE LIMITED · RADIO WORKS · CAMBRIDGE

MANIKIN CIGARS
THE strictly limited supply of Manikins is distributed fairly throughout the Country. We regret the necessity of disappointing Manikin smokers, but look forward to the time when Manikins can again be enjoyed by all.
5 for 1/10½

Made by
J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD.
(Est. 1839) Pulton Place SW.6

How to treat a
CUT FINGER

1. *Cleanse the finger thoroughly and dry.*
2. *Select an Elastoplast dressing of suitable size and remove protective muslin.*
3. *Without touching antiseptic pad place it on cut, slightly stretching dressing round finger.*
4. *Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.*

The wound is now comfortably and securely protected whilst the dressing, being *elastic*, allows the joints to move freely. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight — if in doubt see your doctor.

Elastoplast TRADE MARK

FIRST AID DRESSINGS

in the RED TINS 6d. & 1/- from Chemists

A Product of
T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull

The first taste of things to come

NEWFORGE

VEGETABLE SOUPS

6½d. and 8½d. per tin.

All Newforge Vegetable Soups are tasty and nourishing and made from choice selected vegetables, cooked to a 'T' in a delicious appetising 'stock'. Once you try them you'll always want them. Also look out for Newforge Ulster Broth and Newforge Canned Meats. Ask your grocer. He *may* have some.

NEWFORGE Fine Foods

NEWFORGE LIMITED
BELFAST, ULSTER

Damps while it presses, irons dry if required: two irons in one!

The Silex Steam Iron gives an improved finish to all ironing. It glides on a cushion of steam that banishes all wrinkles. Damping is unnecessary because it damps while it presses. Any degree of heat between low and high is obtainable and thermostatically maintained. A flick of a lever, and the "Silex" is a *dry* iron. Two irons in one, but lighter than a standard electric iron! See it at your Electrical store.

Guaranteed for 12 months. Price 59/6d.

MEMO FOR MEN! Give her a Silex Iron.

THE **SILEX**

ELECTRIC HEAT-CONTROLLED **STEAM IRON**

Silex Household Products Ltd., 9-21 Cutler St., London, E.1.

"When I bought my Swan Brand kettle in 1933
I little thought a kettle could mean so much to me
Six full years before the war and all the war years thro'
It never failed to do its job and looks as good as new."

A Swan Brand electric kettle will last you for years and years.

SWAN BRAND

Electrical Appliances

BULPITT & SONS LTD. · SWANSEA WORKS · BIRMINGHAM 1

M-W.67

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

"How right you'll be to choose

BUSH RADIO'

EVEN IF IT MEANS WAITING A LITTLE LONGER

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4. *roy*ds 554B

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Commoners' Rights

"CAN YOU TELL ME who owns common land and what are the commoners' rights? Can such land be bought and sold? What power has the lord of the manor?"

Commons are now under the control of the local councils. The old customs of the manor have been abolished, but in certain cases the rights to graze or cut turf or collect wood are retained, though only for the benefit of occupiers of specific houses or land to which the rights attach. The local council is the only body that can give you information about any particular common. The public has the right to use commons for "air and exercise" and passage, but no more.

Letters Censored

"RECENTLY, I HAVE BEEN corresponding with an Austrian girl friend. I find that our letters have been opened. Are letters sent to civilians liable to censorship now the war is over?"

There is a military censorship of letters and telephone calls in force in Austria and Germany, and this applies to civilians as well as to servicemen.

Claim on Child

"MY WIFE LEFT ME soon after our daughter was born and my grandmother has brought up the child for me. My wife's parents say they are going to claim the girl when my grandmother dies. Can they do this?"

If you are able to give your daughter a proper home her mother's parents would be unable to claim her custody.

Code Number Changed

"I LEFT MY LAST employment in November, 1945, and restarted work last July. My employer says that my Code Number for 1945 is useless. I have written seven times to the income tax authorities for a P.45, but all they send is a pink form. I have been taxed as a single man, but this is hard on me as I have a wife and three children. What should I do?"

Fill in the pink form to claim the appropriate allowances for your wife and family. When the authorities receive this the Inspector of Taxes will be able to fix your Code Number correctly.

Planted Orchard

"SINCE 1915 I HAVE rented six acres of land on which, with the landlord's consent, I planted an orchard. Owing to ill-health I must relinquish the tenancy. Am I entitled to compensation for the fruit trees? Or must I remove them?"

As you are giving up the tenancy voluntarily you are not entitled to compensation, but as the landlord had no objection to the trees being planted it is unlikely that he will be able to compel you to remove them.

Remarried

"MY THREE GROWN-UP children are making things unpleasant because I have married again. Can I give them notice to get fresh lodgings, or is that against the law?"

If your children are able to support themselves you are not obliged to maintain them. You may request them to find other accommodation.

Importing Goods

"WHILE SERVING in India I contacted several firms trading in Indian art goods. They said they could supply me with goods to England without restriction. I learn from the Board of Trade that licences to import these goods in bulk were not being issued. Is there any regulation against selling goods sent by post?"

You cannot import goods for resale without an import licence, and this is issued only to those trading in this manner before September, 1939.

Bequest Problem

"WHILE MY MOTHER WAS living my father made a will leaving everything to my sister and me in equal shares. My father has remarried but he tells us he has no intention of changing his will in favour of our stepmother. Can you tell me if that will would be valid in the event of his death?"

Your father's subsequent marriage would invalidate his former will, and unless he makes another he will be presumed to have died intestate. In such circumstances his widow could claim everything.

Mrs. or Miss?

"CAN A DIVORCED WOMAN retain her married name and continue to be addressed as Mrs.? Or must she revert to her maiden name and be called Miss?"

She may retain her married name and continue to use the prefix "Mrs."

Letting Rooms

"I AM A WIDOW and my only income is 10s. a week pension. I am unable to go to work but I I want to make ends meet by subletting two furnished rooms. The landlord's agent says I shall not be allowed to do this although it seems to be the only way of making a living. Will you tell me if the agent is right in what he says?"

Unless you expressly agreed not to have boarders in your house the landlord cannot prevent your doing so. If you register the subletting at the local town hall his consent will not be required.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 18

HEADLINES. (1) To erect statue of F. D. R. in Grosvenor Square, London; (2) Discovering Penicillin; (3) In Palestine; Haganah is the private army of the settlements; Irgun is a terrorist organization; (4) Harry Wragg, Tommy Carey, Bobby Jones; (5) In Greece.

DRINK. (1) Water; (2) Originally rum and water, now any diluted liquor; (3) Wine taking its name from the man who first produced it in 1900; (4) From the sides of the maturing casks; (5) 7½d. on 1s. beer; 10d. on 1s. 3d. beer.

BOOK TITLES. (1) A chime of bells (Dorothy L. Sayers); (2) He was a member of a secret society, the members of which took days of the week as *nommes-de-guerre* (G. K. Chesterton); (3) A concert party (J. B. Priestley); (4) John Harmon (Charles Dickens); (5) Boxing (G. B. Shaw).

ENGINEERING. (1) Lathe (usually a centre lathe); (2) 1,000; (3) Anyone who uses scissors; something for oneself made in the boss's time and with his materials; (4) Calf-dozer; (5) Putting a screw thread into a hole; making its counterpart.

PHILOSOPHY. (1) Plato; (2) the most abstruse branch of philosophy—the science of being and the theory of knowledge; (3) Dutch; German; (4) Materialism holds that only the physical world is real, idealism holds that only the mental world is real, while realism differentiates between form and matter; (5) Jean-Paul Sartre.

NAMES. (1) Jean, Giovanni, Juan, Ivan; (2) Albert; (3) Beatrice or Patricia, Margaret; (4) Laura and Wilhelmina; (5) Dionysus, the god of wine.

RADIO. (1) London, Midland, North, N. Ireland, Scotland, Wales, West; (2) Charlie Chester, John Clark; (3) Red: "broadcast on"; blue: "rehearsal on"; green: "your cue"; (4) The band round the world which reflects wireless waves back to it; (5) A daily sob-serial, from the fact that it is favoured by soap-manufacturers in American commercial radio.

FOREIGN PHRASES. (1) No, it means to the point of disgust; (2) "Of"; (3) Eating in the open air, choosing your meal from a wide menu; (4) By deduction; from hypothesis; (5) "C'est faire rien"—it's all the same.

BIRDS. (1) Feathers; (2) The skylark's; (3) Wren; (4) They are extinct; (5) They come only for two months in the late spring, almost only in the south of England, and then can be heard only at night.

"THE INSPIRATION I NEEDED"

is how Mrs. A. Meakin of Old Basford described the cheque she received from John Bull's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at her home.

John Bull offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

"And there were nights when I couldn't sleep for the irritation and the itching. It was my sister who told me to try Dettol Ointment* : that cleared up the sores wonderfully."

Dettol Ointment is strongly recommended for the treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, healing antiseptic cream.

Every dog must have his Chappie if he is to be the dog you'd like him to be—a healthy, cheerful bundle of friendliness. It makes all the difference if he has the *right* food, and vets and breeders agree that Chappie is just what he needs to keep him fit—it's his meat diet balanced to the best advantage.

1/- a tin

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

and now

SOFT . . . SOFTER . . .

SOFTEX

Inter-leaved

TOILET TISSUE

Extra thin, pure strong quality

Softex Toilet ROLLS also available

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A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1. (SM6)

Leading the way

In the world of tobacco, Player's Navy Cut has led the way for many years. Today it remains even more firmly established in the affections of smokers everywhere as an honest reliable 'leader'.

Player's Please

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..PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO..

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BAND-AID

REGD. TRADE MARK

is the neat wound dressing that is **surgically safe**

People choose Band-Aid because it is made by Johnson & Johnson—famous in the hospital world for the hygienic safety of their bandages and dressings. This handy bandage *stretches*—so it stays in position even on a knuckle joint.

MADE BY Johnson & Johnson *Famous for Johnson's Baby Powder Surgical Dressings, Bandages, etc.*

Take it from me-

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

ACID STOMACH

Don't you hate it? Take two Rennies And Rennie-vate it!

Do you sometimes feel as if you'd like to get rid of your stomach, because it's been bothering you for years? Well, don't give up! You don't need a new stomach — Rennie-vate the one you've got.

When you are seized with stomach pain, just suck two Rennies, one after the other, like sweets. They neutralize the **excess acid** in your stomach and promote a normal, healthy digestion. They're separately wrapped to carry loose. No water needed —take them anywhere.

If Rennies don't bring quick relief, it's high time you saw your doctor.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 2.5 FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

John Knight's

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

CLEANS AND PROTECTS

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Famous for over forty years

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women, and Children. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, incl. Purchase Tax.

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Buoyant Health this Winter

IN these short dark days, your health needs extra care. The first step is to keep your blood-stream cleansed of all impurities. Millions do this by taking Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans gently but effectively rid the system of toxic digestive wastes harmful to health, looks and figure. The tonic effect is experienced in sparkling vitality and radiant fitness. The world's most popular tonic-laxative, Bile Beans help you to enjoy a healthy, happy life, and to keep your youthful attractiveness and figure.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

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